

TOC H JOURNAL

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VOLUME XV.

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This Month's Journal

A further article on the international Conference on 'Life and Work' at Oxford opens this month's JOURNAL. Jim Burford contributes another of his meditations on the Bible (p. 251); News of our Leprosy volunteers is given on p. 263; a practical and widespread Toc H job is dealt with in the article on Hospital Libraries (p. 255); the Toc H attitude towards money is put forward by two contributions (p. 261 and p. 270); a queer view of Toc H is reflected on p. 258. Book reviews contain some valuable information about the International Labour Office (p. 277), and a great Christian adventurer (p. 279). And there is another Traveller's Tale (p. 265).

CHURCH, COMMUNITY AND STATE

An article by the Rev. EDWARD SHILLITO in last month's JOURNAL pictured the series of events which have led up to the international 'Life and Work' Conference in Oxford this month, the theme of which is 'Church, Community and State.' In the article which follows, Mr. T. S. R. BOASE, a don at Hertford College, Oxford, gives a further insight into the main questions to be discussed and the personnel of the Conference.

CONFERENCES are to-day very generally distrusted. They are such frequent occurrences that familiarity dims their impressiveness, and throughout the summer months, in Oxford in particular, they come and go on their various occasions and little seems to come of all their talk and discussions. It is so easy in a large gathering to work up enthusiasm and excitement, to feel that at last contacts are being made, conclusions being arrived at, and that what is being done is immensely worth while and important. Conferences breed their own particular fever and it subsides as soon as they break up, leaving little concrete action behind it. In fact, they may even hinder action: all the talking about it and about its appearance of energy and determination allays the restless conscience as much as it excites it. Conferences are not attended without sacrifice of time, money and convenience, and those attending are easily misled into feeling that they have done something. Such are the dangers of the systems, and they are real enough to make the holding of a conference a thing to be sparingly indulged in, and to require some considerable justification.

Christian 'Re-thinking'

The business that will bring together some nine hundred people from all over the world in Oxford this July put briefly, is as follows. During the past five years, through the central office of the Universal Christian Council at Geneva, an intensive programme of study has been carried out,

directed towards what appear to be some of the chief problems of the day, with the aim of pooling the resources of Christian thought so that the action of Christian bodies, or of Christian individuals, may be better informed and better prepared. This work of study and enquiry has been shared in by scholars and experts in every country and belonging to every branch of Christendom, and it has been helped in by many who would not specifically profess themselves Christians, but who feel friendly disposed towards such work and see in it a possible hope of some real contribution to the world's needs. There have been meetings of small groups in various countries; personal visits have been exchanged; and there has been a constant circulation of papers in order that a point of view may receive comment and criticism, so that if agreement cannot be reached, the points of difference may at least be clearly understood and appreciated. This is an important consideration. The Conference cannot seek to make from Lutheran, Anglican, Methodist, Orthodox (Rome will, of course, have no official representatives, though there has been much assistance given by individual Roman Catholics) a satisfactory and complete synthesis. Any such attempt would end in watering down statements to weak and unimportant generalisations. But each way of approach has its own significance, and it is only in a full understanding of divergencies that a closer unity of Christian action can be looked for. The opposition to Christianity is to-day a

rapidly growing force, no longer apathetic but aggressive, and if Christian thought wishes to maintain its prestige, to resist and to convince opposed theories, it can only hope to do so by re-thinking out its own position, and achieving combined action on a scale such as has long been unfamiliar.

The main subjects of study for the Conference have been divided under nine headings. It would be impossible to indicate here the full scope of the researches, but one or two instances may be taken as examples of the rest. The first heading is *The Christian Understanding of Man*. This, at the outset, provides an excellent illustration of the kind of problem with which the Conference is dealing. What could seem more fundamental in religious thought than man? 'What is man?' is an age-long question, and if not yet answered, then perhaps little likely to be. But we have to-day towards solving it sources of information not available before. Anthropology in its study of primitive peoples and in its comparison of primitive customs has given us much new information about man, and in particular about his natural, instinctive religious beliefs. Underlying the most noble manifestations of Christian life, can be detected, so some people argue, the primitive structure of savage superstition. That is one side of the problem: another lies in the developments of psychology. Is man a free agent, or is he governed by his surroundings, his unconscious mind, his hereditary instincts? Is moral choice meaningless, because in fact all our choices are conditioned? What is more, how far can those in authority employ education to mould men to that particular type that they consider desirable? These are only some ways in which the question can be glanced at. Clearly, here Christian thought requires some real guidance. Many teachers are ready to ex-

plain to us the evolution of humanity, or the creation of the citizen. What is man that *Thou* art mindful of him?

Cleavages of Thought

Following on the 'Understanding of Man' is another set of questions. *The Kingdom of God and History*. Different philosophies of history, racial, Marxist, millenarian, play large parts in the political and religious thought of to-day, and within specifically Christian opinion there are considerable cleavages, between those who believe in a steady progress towards some ultimate and inevitable fulfilment, and those to whom the Kingdom of God is outside our history and our time calculus, however it infringes upon them. On paper an academic sounding controversy, it is, and constantly proves, a fundamental issue affecting the whole conception of religion and life. It is particularly crucial in the group of problems which centre round the relation of the Church and the natural "Orders," a problem much more familiar in Continental than in Anglo-Saxon thought, and a subject whose exploration has been a very necessary part of any common work. This leads logically to another topic, an attempt to define more clearly the concept of the Church. Round the term Community or *Volk* (there is no exact English equivalent) there are other groups of questions, and there are finally three subjects, so closely connected with the central theme of the Conference that they demand special and separate consideration; Education, the Economic Aspects of the State and the Church and International Relations. The work done on these subjects, some of which is gradually being revised and arranged for publication, forms the basis of the memoranda which will be used for sectional discussion during the meeting of the Conference.

One main function therefore of the Conference will be a sifting, through actual contacts, of all this material, and the discussions of it before a large and carefully chosen body of delegates, through whom it can reach a wider audience, and be dispersed in a more popular and generalised form. This is an end which can only be achieved by some such gathering, and by careful work following upon it. Oxford is only a step in a process, an interim report in a great effort to direct Christian thought into channels which it has sometimes been accused of avoiding. If it remains but thought, it is of course vain, but if it can become the mainspring of action its effect might be incalculable. Few conferences have ever had such widespread preparation, and in the application of it is a real test of the faith of Christendom.

A Spirit of Urgency

If the preparatory work has been in hand some years, yet the Conference meets in a spirit of urgency. A year ago it seemed to many hardly likely that it would be able to meet at all. To-day, as the summer of 1937 advances, the fear of imminent war is dulled a little, but perhaps more by familiarity, than by any vital move peacewards, and in some of the countries concerned internal problems between Church and State are as acute as they have ever been, so much so that it is to be feared some delegates will be prevented from attending, some even suffering imprisonment for their faith. In any ecumenical gathering to-day there must be many reminders that it is an age of martyrdom. In Oxford there is a freedom and security to which few lands can show an equal, and in this Conference it places that great asset at the disposal of Christendom.

The personnel of the Conference will be a representative one. The allotment of places has been by four sections, the Con-

tinental (120 places), the Orthodox (40), the British (77), the American (120): in addition to the delegates, some three hundred associates will be admitted to the meetings, though without being able to take part in the discussions. The opening meeting to welcome the delegates will be addressed by Lord Halifax, the Chancellor of the University of Oxford and by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Of immediate importance as one outcome of the Conference is some better machinery for ecumenical relationships. At present the representation of the different Christian communities is haphazard and changing, and there are various bodies, none of them fully empowered by the Churches they stand for, whose activities frequently overlap and lack the authority of real responsibility. The pioneer work has been done by the good will of largely volunteer effort; the time has now come when methods both more official and more economic are badly needed as a recognition of a new hope of Christian understanding and co-operation throughout the world. The age of localised, national Christian communities is passing one way or another, either into a fuller sense of Christian solidarity and brotherhood, with all that that means of sacrifice and obligation, or into a defenceless atrophy; and if the wider view is to triumph there is urgent need for efficient order and administration.

These however are outward matters. In the opportunity such a Conference gives for meeting together in prayer, for acknowledgment before God of common failings, is a source of strength beyond all schemes and policy. It is because the Lord's Prayer, however the cadences may vary in different languages, is the basis of the business for all concerned, that such a Conference is worth the holding.

T. S. R. BOASE.

The Salient in May

ALL that is left is memory vague and dour
Of hosts we loved, an echo of pain and fear:
There is the scent of grass, of crops and the early flower.
They are not here.

Though all around the serried white stones race
Up to a tall cross poised 'gainst a cloud-wracked sky,
These we have raised, the memory and the place.

They do not lie

Or rest here, 'habit all these new-tilled spaces,
Or help Earth's wondrous new and tender fronds:
They may not try to trace, as we, the old lost places;
They have no bonds.

They knew the greatest cost; together stood
Held by one duty only; followed rules,
Thought oft of home and, dimly, of the world's good
Not taught in schools:

And, in the hail of hell and tumult of disorder,
Passed the last ordeal of supreme release;
And they are free, across the silent border
Of Earth and ease.

Under the grand high skies of the wide flat lands
We think of the sullied years and the miles they ranged
With us, their brothers, dream of undaunted hands:
They are but changed

And if they speak again and feel with us
And roam this new unravaged world again,
May they still think, 'The end was glorious
And the grain, new grain!'

S. N. GRIMES.

THE ELDER BRETHREN

ASHTON.—On June 3, at Sale, **GEORGE ASHTON**, a member of the Sale Group.

BENNETT.—**GEORGE BENNETT** (late Royal Engineers), a member of Small Heath Group, Birmingham.

FRIZZLE.—On May 21, at Wimborne, **CHARLES FRIZZLE**, aged 82, a member of the Wimborne Branch.

HURRAN.—On April 28, **GEORGE FREDERICK HURRAN**, founder member of Rusthall Group and District Officer.

LOWE.—On March 29, at Wem, aged 63,

JOHN HENRY LOWE, treasurer of the Wem Group.

REDMAN.—On May 20, **COLIN REDMAN**, Private Chaplain to the Bishop of Southwell and Padre of the Southwell Group.

A Correction.

HARTNOLL: We greatly regret that the surname of **SYDNEY NEWENHAM HARTNOLL** ('Jumbo' of Bishop Auckland Branch), who died on March 11, appeared in the May JOURNAL as 'Hartwell.'

THE KNOWN GOD OF AN UNKNOWN MAN

THERE is no book in Christendom more read and beloved than the Book of Psalms, save possibly the Gospel according to St. Luke.

Upon it scholars have expended their knowledge, philosophers woven their theories; antiquarians have delved into its history; it has been quoted in times of national crisis; and many a great saint in time of distress has found comfort therein; it has illumined the death-bed of numberless people; and in the plain ways of workaday life a psalmic phrase is often unwittingly on the lips of ordinary folk like ourselves.

My student days are, I hold, not nearly over, and I hope continually to be not simply interested but concerned with examinations of the structure of this book of Psalms, for, to use words of St. Luke, many have taken upon themselves the task of setting out in order all that this compilation sets out to teach and do.

Out of its seeming simplicity emerge all manner of complexity of form, teaching and beauty. It is Hebrew poetry. Nay, rather should we say, it is poetry at its highest. You will, I am sure, bear with me when I say that much of the word rhyme jingle that passes nowadays for poetry is not worthy of such designation. Be that as it may, it yet remains to be understood and accepted, and it is a necessary understanding if the grandeur of the Psalms is to break upon our souls. That, whereas Western poetry depends very largely upon single consecutive thought or fancy, euphemistically and more or less mathematically expressed, Eastern poetry depends utterly upon a basic method of contrasted ideas.

Let me illustrate this by the well known 23rd Psalm "The Lord is my Shepherd." The contrast thereto is "Therefore I shall not want." Again, by the very long 119th

Psalm "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way," and the answer "Even by ruling himself after Thy Word." The number of authors of this compilation is legion, no one knows, and, though they range over all manner of human concerns, there is never the slightest doubt even hinted about the existence of God. What the Book says about Jerusalem can be applied to the Book itself, "God is in the midst of her." Far indeed from the queries of the Book of Job, such as you will find in its 21st Chapter with its almost sneering, "What is the Almighty that we should serve Him, and with what profit should we have if we prayed unto Him?" Far removed from such a state of mind is the glorious certainty and the glowing serenity of this Book which has planted its words upon sun-dials, on the prows of sailing vessels, on the lintels of public buildings, and in the hearts of mankind. To mankind there is no question as to the existence of God, but, sometimes pulsing with a regularity as of the tides, or with an eccentricity like unto the winds, there comes the desire not even to know, "O that I might know where I could find Him," but rather (let us here put our statement into modern form) *what is God like?* For the question for modern men is not, "Is there a God or where is God?" but *what can I know of the nature of God?*

It is the honour and privilege of the poet and prophet—both of whom are seers—to anticipate the questions of mankind and to provide answers for those who have skilled eyes and innocent hearts, and to antedate the answers. When in Victorian days a poet (and a poet of no mean order in my estimation) spoke of "going through nature up to nature's God," he was acclaimed by some as a prophet, and by others dubbed

as a cranky fool. That is quite in order, for by their own generation prophets and seers are always considered to be cranky fools: even our Lord was accused of being 'beside himself.'

I want now to put before ourselves one of the most startling answers to a modern dilemma that the world has ever known, always remembering that the answer was given at least two thousand five hundred years before the dilemma arose. The answer is to be found in one of those magnificent nature Psalms with which the Hebrew anthology closes, namely, the 147th Psalm. Its particular place therein will be seen as we go on. The modern dilemma to which I have referred is one, as I see it, between two conceptions of the nature of God. Their technical names are *transcendentalism* (God over all) and *immanence* (God in all). Many men who are not bothered with theological technical terms nevertheless are in dilemma.

Without or Within

Now what are these two concepts expressed in a simple, plain, and, I hope, understandable manner? First, that God, whosoever He may be, has created the universe. He is at once the architect and the constructional engineer. He has made the big smooth running machine that we call the universe, and having set the thing in motion he allows it like a clock to run on and on, only, peradventure, it is running down, and like the wheels of an un-wound clock it will at last cease to revolve. So big is the universe, so marvellous its construction and movement, so little is man in all this, that God seems so remote. The human mind cannot conceive that such greatness could be concerned with anything but the creation of cosmos upon cosmos; that in effect God is ruled out of the life of the individual man. He may not say as in words of holy writ, "Tush,

does God care for oxen," neither would he say "God does not see," for somehow within him is the idea that God is like a busy house-wife who tells her children, "Mammy cannot be bothered," and so he drifts on feeling lonely in God's universe. For God is so big and God is so far off that He cannot be bothered.

The other side of the dilemma is not so easily grasped. In it (to use the word not inaccurately) God is not so *materially* conceived; and may I use another word and say that in this second aspect of our trouble God is *mystically* conceived? God is not far off, God is not the architect, and neither the resident nor absent engineer; God is something that dwells in all things. A beautiful explanation for this trend of thought for those who like it is Wordsworth's *Ode to Tintern Abbey*:

A presence that disturbs me . . .
. . . And rolls through all things.

It is the same idea that the Red Indian had that the Great Spirit was in Niagara Falls, in the North Wind, and in the falling snow. It is not remote from the concept of God bequeathed to us in the statement of our Lord "God is a Spirit," and it is by no means unrelated to His other bequeathment—the Comforter, the "Paraclete," who will guide you and dwell in you—I in you and you in Me, and all of us in the Father.

But somehow if this thing is pursued in isolation, man lands himself into confusing the creation with the Creator, and everything becomes God. This is nature worship run riot. Somehow man hangs on to the two horns of this dilemma, though not so obviously on this one as the other. He may not say with Shakespeare, "There is a Divinity that shapes our ends," neither perhaps will he come to Church and sing:

And His that gentle Voice we hear
Soft as the breath of even,

but, unuttered and dimly, he holds a belief in the Incarnation and the immanence or indwelling of God strengthened by an occasional vagrant memory (say) of "Jesus loves me this I know"—and that, not because the Bible tells him so, but because there is a Bible within himself that says that if this is not so the whole thing is meaningless, life is crazy, and all things are awry. Has it ever struck you that there is no need always to take two things as opposing forces, when in truth they may both be right? After all, multiplication and addition are both correct methods of arriving at totals though at first sight and superficially conceived they are not so. Therefore, I suggest too, that an understanding of the nature of God must begin by ridding ourselves of the fear that God is either one or the other but cannot be both; that if He is the engineer of the world, He is too big to be concerned with me, and that if He is an indwelling spirit He must needs become lost and identified with the temple or thing or being in which He dwells.

The eternal "Modern"

I have called this a modern dilemma. When I said that, I was not thinking of the 20th Century as the only modern time the world has ever seen. For pity's sake let us remember that the world was modern to our grandfathers while as yet we were unthought of; it was modern to their grandfathers; it was modern to the writers of the Psalms who, in all probability, did not know the existence of Great Britain. I suppose a fourth form schoolboy knows more about geography than St. Paul. That does not do away with the fact that men like St. Paul knew more about other things and things that really mattered. Some of us are no longer schoolboys; and there is no question which exercises the mind of man to-day, no difficulty with which he is confronted, but which in some form or other,

cannot be provided with an answer if we will but take the advice of a modern scientist, who is also a seer, when he advocates sitting down before the fact like a little child.

My friends, is not that just what the good Master said, " Except as ye become as little children ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of God" (truth and understanding)? Is not pride, and argument, cock-sureness, and contention, the danger He warned us against when He said "God has revealed to babes and sucklings things that to the wise are sealed"?

The 147th Psalm deals with this thing, and describes our God neither as the Engineer of a material universe nor yet as a mysticism bordering upon pantheism. For the author (blessed man) had seen, and having seen has spoken. This is what the Psalmist says concerning his God: "He telleth the number of the stars. He healeth those who are broken in heart."

God regards the universe as the household which He has provided for His creatures to inhabit, to love and to develop. He has founded it fast by a firm decree. The sun knoweth his going down, and the evening star his manner of time of appearing; crowns and thrones may perish but always without fail the Spring is vernal green; and tides ebb and flow, and somewhere the weariest river finds its way to the sea, from whence to be purified by salt, drawn up to meet the sun, and then clarified and strengthened in the former and the latter rains to return.

So God giveth a home to His children, bread to the hungry, and water that all may drink. No engineer ever built, no architect (unless he was a fool) ever conceived an erection without a purpose, and, seeing that the purpose of God is the love of His creatures, the Psalmist so beautifully and so very rightly reminds us that in addition to His major care of the uni-

verse, He like a father pitieith His children, and He healeth the broken in heart.

You and I are not so small, not so lonely, not so distressed, but that He is prepared to heal us if we will but submit to His methods, and to understand that if we live in the home provided by the great Architect it is also true that the great Physician is also there; that God is in His heaven, yet Jesus of Nazareth passes by.

Many wise men following in the footsteps of the Psalmist have seen this in scientific terms and the echo of it is in Kant: "Two things fill me with reverence and awe—the starry heavens at night, and the moral law within."

So knowledge and goodness to Him become fused in His own one personality.

Much further back in history an old Greek Christian leader was asked why he was a Christian, and Origen replied, "For two reasons: because of Christianity's theory of the universe, and the power of Jesus in the lives of men."

God is still speaking to you and me of His greatness through the universe, through His Son and through the Spirit of His goodness. For God's goodness is His greatness, and His greatness is His goodness. There is nothing too big and nothing too small to be outside the love of God, and if we will learn this, God will be our God even unto death.

When our life's work is ended we will find there is no death, for death has been swallowed up in victory; and this is truly life eternal to know the nature of God and so to live that we increasingly become through Jesus Christ our Lord more like our Father, who in His greatness telleth the number of stars and in His love so healeth those who are broken in heart that our questioning intelligence is satisfied as to the meaning of the universe, and our restless hearts are assuaged because they have found in Him their home.

JIM BURFORD.

TOC H IN ACTION

CAN you use a camera? If so you may be able to help Toc H with it. Headquarters want to collect photographs suitable for reproduction as illustrations in Toc H literature, as lantern slides, etc. Photographs of groups of members—the usual portrait of the unit sitting in rows like a football team—are not wanted, for they all look alike to those who do not know the sitters. Nor are pictures of empty clubrooms and chapels usually of interest. What is wanted is pictures of Toc H in action—members at work on their jobs, at a guest night in their own rooms, in camp with boys, in discussion or at play at a District rally, and so on.

To get good pictures snapshots will often need to be carefully thought out and properly posed for the camera. We want to see members getting on with the job in hand, apparently unconscious of the camera-man, not pausing to stare into the lens. This will test the photographer's skill and may provide

his "sitters" with a little unusual amusement.

W. F. Brooks (Caterham Branch), some of whose excellent photographs have appeared in the Toc H JOURNAL, has kindly agreed to act as liaison between the photographers and Headquarters. Will all photographers in Toc H who can produce good pictures of the kind required, send prints to Brooks, at "Mon Abri," Brixton Road, Caterham, Surrey. He will make the selection, and, in cases where slides or enlargements are needed, will ask for the loan of the negative. Prints and negatives will be taken care of and returned; those reproduced will bear suitable acknowledgment of their authorship.

Here is a new "job." What offers?

Note:—*An early use for good pictures of this kind will be a Special Number of the JOURNAL, to be published in September. Photographs for this purpose will be required not later than the end of July.*

HOSPITAL LIBRARIES AND LIBRARIANS

The purpose and needs of this form of service, with an appeal to Toc H members for fuller co-operation, are here described by the Hon. Secretary of the British Red Cross and Order of St. John Hospital Library. An article on the subject by the same writer appeared in the JOURNAL in November, 1932. Members concerned in this work are asked to communicate with their Area Secretary.

THE establishment of Hospital Libraries is now being considered in many countries throughout the world, and is already in existence in several of them. Amongst these England is taking a leading part, one reason being that nowhere else is there a central supply of books for the provision of literature for hospitals on a national scale, and also because the International Guild of Hospital Librarians, linking up hospital librarians the world over, originated in this country and has its headquarters here. These headquarters, together with those of the central book dépôt, the British Red Cross Society and Order of St. John Hospital Library, are at 48, Queen's Gardens, London, W.2.

The Red Cross Hospital Library, as it is called for short, is the parent organisation, and began its existence in the early days of the War, when it sent books and magazines to all British military hospitals and convalescent homes. So great was the evidence of the value of this service that at the end of the War it was agreed that it should be extended to every type of civil hospital, always giving ex-service men's institutions first claim on the supplies.

But the provision of books was only the first step, for it soon became clear that books without librarians—that is without people with understanding of human nature and knowledge of books to "fit the right book to each patient"—were of comparatively little benefit. Therefore, an effort was made at headquarters to persuade hospital authorities to admit the right type of volunteers as librarians, and in various instances hospitals took the initiative themselves, and either found these workers, or accepted offers of help that were made them.

And so, about four years ago, it was found that, scattered about the country, there were several hundred so-called hospital librarians,

all struggling to carry out an essential service without help of any sort. In view of the difficulties, however, only a few libraries were run on really proper lines.

Because of the need for a co-ordinating link between this pioneer body of workers, and in order to try and help to train them, the International Guild of Hospital Librarians was formed, and since then the standard of organisation and results achieved in hospital libraries has risen markedly.

There are in England nearly one thousand hospital librarians, of whom many, but not yet all, have joined the Guild, and a strong appeal is made to all to join either as individuals or as groups; the minimum annual subscription being 2s. 6d.

The Object of Hospital Libraries

The movement has now reached a stage at which more thought might be given to the object of hospital libraries. Foremost they are intended to supply patients with the books they really need, and by so doing to provide a service that has benefits that are recreational, educational and even curative.

In order to achieve this it is essential to put aside a tendency that has been found, and still is found, in some libraries, to use the books chiefly as a quick and easy means of getting into touch with the patients. Usually, any light novel will serve that purpose—if a patient is inclined to read at all; and where the job is done in that way it will be found that little but fiction is read, and it will even be reported that non-fiction is never in demand. This state of affairs, which cannot be called a library service, prevails where librarians regard themselves more in the light of sympathetic visitors, or even father confessors, than in the specialised category of hospital librarians; it is also found where the workers are not widely enough

"read," or where they are not carefully enough selected for the job, and also where they are understaffed and rushed.

What a Hospital Library Involves

The organisation of a hospital library is given in detail in a booklet obtainable from 48, Queen's Gardens entitled *How to Run a Hospital Library* (price 3d., but supplied free to head librarians). But a few of the salient details are given here. Primarily, there should be a room with suitable shelving for books, and also a sufficient number of book trolleys (of which a pattern can be supplied). Given these, the book supply is all-important, and it is better to have a small number of clean books, fiction and non-fiction, than many hundreds of shabby and unsuitable volumes. But the final success of a library depends on its staff. It is essential that there should be a head librarian—a volunteer who has either paid a few visits to one of the London hospitals used as training centres for head librarians, or, failing a chance to do that, has asked the Guild for information, has studied *How to Run a Hospital Library*, and has, perhaps, also applied to a local public librarian for technical hints.

It is difficult to run a library successfully with fewer helpers than one librarian to every sixty or seventy reading patients, and in this connection a word of warning is offered with regard to employing a rota of helpers, no matter how permanent the head may be.

It has been proved time and again that "hospital librarians are born and not made"; therefore, quite apart from the fact that constantly changing workers make it almost impossible to carry out efficient routine work, and to keep an accurate index and record system, they cannot fulfill the far greater need of gaining practice and experience in "fitting the book to the patient." It should thus become the accepted principle that helpers chosen for this work should be tested, or "on probation" for a short time, and should, whenever possible and when believed to be suitable, be kept as librarians for not less than a year.

Toc H and the Red Cross

About seventy hospital libraries are at present staffed by Toc H librarians, in some of which they supply their own books, and in others are supplied by the Red Cross Hospital Library. It will be seen from what has been said that there is a very large field of work to cover, in supplying all types of hospitals in this country with books and librarians, and it will probably be clear that without the certain co-operation of all those who are engaged in this work, it is impossible to maintain, and in many cases to raise, the standard of efficiency. There seems, however, to be some definite ways of securing practical working contacts as follows: Firstly, *where libraries are being run by Toc H members*, their Area Secretaries should be notified and inform the British Red Cross Hospital Library Headquarters in every case of the name of the Head Librarian and also of all sources of the book supply; secondly, *Toc H Librarians should join the Guild*, preferably individually, or, failing that, as groups of librarians in their hospitals; thirdly, *Toc H members who are book collectors*, as distinct from librarians, should enquire of their local head librarians where books are most needed before sending them to any particular hospital, and if the hospitals in question are adequately supplied from other sources, they should send them to the Red Cross Hospital Library, thus helping to maintain the stock for the 2,000 hospitals on its lists. This third point raises the question of book depôts, about which it is not practicable at present to give any very fixed ruling. But it seems clear that in a city where there are many hospitals needing books it would be more economical and likely to make for success if books collected locally were sent to a dépôt rather than sent haphazard to the different hospitals, or, if the hospitals were not in need of books, to London. Wherever there is a dépôt, it stands to reason that there must be a volunteer in charge of it, who will acknowledge the books and distribute them according to the demands of the head librarian. This, however, is by no means a whole-time job, and is a matter

which might be borne in mind in appropriate centres, and where accommodation for collected books can be obtained rent free. But the essential point is that the books should be sent to the place where they are most needed.

A Service for a City or District

More important than the foregoing suggestions is the realisation of what a hospital library service in an area involves. The essentials are books, which are obtained either from the Red Cross Hospital Library or from local sources, and if they are obtained locally there must be some one to organise their collection. There must also be one person with time and ability to select hospital librarians, particularly those who are going to act as heads, and there must be facilities for training them. This simple training can be carried out locally as soon as there is a first class hospital library which prospective head librarians can visit, and where the librarian can give a confidential report on their abilities. Also the local public librarian will often help with advice on the technical side such as indexing and so forth; but there is nothing like going through the wards for gaining some idea of a side of the work that cannot be learned within the walls of the

public library—the “personality” side. Where training cannot be obtained locally, the London training centres are available for any head librarians who are able to visit them. Naturally, a complete service implies also caring for the books in the way of mending and patching them. It should be possible to learn this in any first class hospital library but here again lessons can be arranged at the London Headquarters of the Hospital Library.

In the midst, however, of all this detail, the main idea running through the hospital library movement is that it exists to supply to patients the books they really need rather than to serve as a means of contact between them and their visitors, and, to be successful, it must be carried out by those who have been specially chosen for the job and whose circumstances will enable them to work regularly for long periods. The hospital librarian is no longer some one who comes and goes for a few weeks at a time, but a volunteer who knows himself (or herself) to be, or has been found to be, within the category of people who have the particular knack of “fitting the book to the patient” and of so carrying out this specialised work.

M. E. ROBERTS.

A New “Bangwent”

Harry Askew of Pierhead House, Wapping, and Preston Hall. By various hands. (Bangwent No. XXII). All Hallows. 6d.

Not the least valuable of Tubby's very variegated ‘Bangwent’ series are the little monographs on some of his friends in Toc H—‘Gen.’, Lord Plumer, ‘Siddy,’ ‘Seedley,’ and now Harry Askew, the latest addition. Here, in a couple of dozen pages, are tributes from half-a-dozen friends to a man whose life was outwardly as uneventful as it could well be. We catch sight of him in 1910 as a candidate for the priesthood, we meet him again in 1926, resident at Pierhead House, Wapping, which Tubby has just taken over, and a year later find him as a patient at

Preston Hall, the British Legion's home for tuberculous men, near Maidstone. There, in 1928, when the “Crock H Group” (as Harry Askew named it) received its Rushlight, he became Pilot, and there—on the very afternoon that thousands of his fellow-members were rejoicing at the Crystal Palace in June, 1936—death came to him with unexpected suddenness. That is all? That is the least part of it. For this is the story of an ‘ordinary’ man, shyer than most, who turned his thwarted career into a thing of beauty and courage and infectious cheerfulness and steady example. “They also serve who only stand and wait”—and in these pages ‘Kew’ shames most of us and serves us all.

TOC H THROUGH GREEN GLASSES

IN the first weeks of the War, my wife and I, very recently married, had our home in a tenement on the top floor of Abbey Buildings, Bermondsey. The window of our tiny scullery looked out on Tower Bridge Road, but it was not, I think, possible to see from it any part of the Tower Bridge, half a mile away and with a railway bridge between. One wet night a most respectable friend (he is now a bishop) supped with us, stayed fairly late, and then went into the scullery, which was also our cloakroom, to find his raincoat to go home. War-time lighting regulations were already strict and he forbore to switch on the light; instead he flashed his pocket torch for a few moments on the wall where the coats were hanging. He said good-night and went down the long concrete staircase. He may even have passed the policeman who, within a very few minutes, was thundering on our knocker. "Signalling with a light in Morse code from one of your windows reported," says he. His informant in the street could almost swear, apparently, that he saw the answering signal from the German spy concealed on a precarious pinnacle of the Tower Bridge. This signal, in turn, was to be picked up—according to the excited amateur sleuth—by hostile aircraft cruising, unbeknownst to the Royal Flying Corps, above the Pool of London. It seemed highly probable that before the policeman had so much as licked his pencil the first bombs would be falling and that before he closed his notebook Whitehall would be in ruins. London had not up to that date suffered an air-raid and no one could quite guess how long it would take to be annihilated. The policeman wrote ponderously, but his eye twinkled even in the dim light of our passage. "Good-night, sir," he said at last. "I dare say we shan't be troubling you any further about this."

Putting two and two together (let the two things be as incongruous as possible) is the whole art of the detective. Lord Peter Wimsey goes on doing it for a couple of hundred pages and then gets his man. But dear Dr. Watson adds one fact to one fiction,

throws in an odd brainwave and makes the answer come out to five. Which only shows how hard it is to think fairly, or even to think at all. If muddleheadedness can confuse the evidence, a good, honest combination of fear and hatred (they are twins, anyway) can do the same. A hundred years ago any old lady who owned a black cat, talked to herself and was seen picking parsley on a Friday ran the risk of a ducking as a witch; twenty years ago anyone with a foreign-sounding name who possessed a hard tennis court in the heart of Wiltshire or Cumberland might be accused of harbouring a "concrete gun-emplacement" upon which Krupp's artillery could mysteriously take shape at the right moment. Call a man a Communist, a Freemason, a Spy, a Pacifist or a Papist and, in one part of the world or another, your hearers will get the jitters and want to let slip the dogs of war. And when a heresy-hunter is in that mood, plain thinking doesn't count: two and two will make five, for all you can say.

Sleuthing Toc H

A few years since—long enough ago to be reckoned a museum piece—two articles on Toc H appeared in a magazine devoted to the cause of militant Protestantism. Their author's name is given as "The Baron Portelli," about whom nothing is known to us save that his surname, being translated from the Italian, means "Piglets" and that he clearly enjoys writing a detective yarn. The *Daily Telegraph* of December 5, 1932, supplied him with his first clue to the true nature of Toc H. For it contained a press photograph of the lighting of the new Lamps in Birmingham Town Hall—and it was "the lighting of what the paper appeared to represent as Two Candles." "Ha, ha," says our author (who had "for 46 years studied Jesuity, Popery, Ritualism and Priestism in its varying forms") and he writes to the editor of the *Telegraph* "observing that the ceremonial lighting of Two Candles savoured of Druidism." It might have savoured of freemasonry, going to bed in a cottage, or a

child's second birthday party, but higher game was afoot. It is a pity that the lens of a camera sees flames rather differently from the human retina: the Two Candles were actually, if one had paused to watch, sixty Lamps of Maintenance. Not that this would put off a detective.

Our detective's letter ("like all my letters to this newspaper") was not published, so he pursued another line of investigation—he wrote to the Founder of Toc H, who (had he known it) passed the enquiry to the editor of the JOURNAL, who remembers sending him a wad of Toc H literature. From that moment the plot thickened, to our author's entire satisfaction. "Take," he writes, "in the first place, the self-bestowed title of the Founder. He styles himself '*Founder Padre*', a disguised form of 'Founder-Father,' in direct and arrogant defiance of Our Lord's express command (Matt. XXIII, 9), 'Call no man your Father on earth, for one is your Father in Heaven' . . . Throughout the literature there runs this self-exalting title '*Padre*', before the names of the clergy who belong to Toc H and practically control it. In many of the photographs in the literature these '*Padres*' are to be seen in Monastic garb.' The instance he gives is a picture of *Brother Douglas* (an old friend of Toc H but not one of its '*Padres*') caught red-handed—or brown-habited—laying bricks at a Franciscan Home for Wayfarers in Hertfordshire, which happened to appear—lucky coincidence!—in the same number of the JOURNAL as the "Two Candles" of Birmingham.

Unfortunately this last clue leads him into a thorny wilderness which occupies the rest of his first article—the double-dyed villainy and "religious idiocy" of Francis of Assisi, according to that old-fashioned, stout-hearted hymn of hate which is called Mosheim's *Ecclesiastical History*. Well, well, we have no defence except that the entire British Expeditionary Force put the notion into our heads by addressing their chaplains as "Padre" instead of the more seemly "Reverend Sir."

Flounders from Flanders

But in his second article our author keeps his nose relentlessly to the trail and runs the heresy of Toc H to earth in unexpected places. "What is Toc H?" is the old question which begins this revelation. "Is it a Name—or is it a sort of Talisman, or Secret Password? On studying the literature sent to me, I am struck by the variety of excuses given for the adoption of this curious hieroglyphic. In *Toc H: its Work and Ways* we read: 'During the war D was called Don, V was Vic and T was Toc, with the result that troops, speaking in Signalese, instead of saying 'Let us go down to Talbot House in Poperinghe,' said, 'Let's go down to Toc H in Pop.' Hence 'Toc H' became a nickname."

But no, it can't be as simple as all that, and our author calls in the expert (apparently himself) to give the lie to this "excuse." "This sounds plausible," he continues, "but to an old Instructor in Army Signalling it does not ring true, because, in all signalling, *abbreviation* is the object—whereas to call D '*Don*' is the exact reverse, and so is '*Toc*' for T. At that rate, the twenty-four letters of the alphabet would require seventy-two signals, and so defeat the object in view—viz., rapidity." (In passing, we can't quite follow the mathematics of our "old Instructor of Army Signalling"—but we are not experts. Why seventy-two? It seems that the *new* form of signalling would transmit the word "dot" as "D, Don, D—n; O, Oddsboddikins, 'Opeless; T, Toc, Tell-that-to-the-Marines"—which is certainly longer).

Besides, you must give a signaller credit for intelligence. "If," continues our author, most logically, "T was signalled 'Toc,' surely commonsense as well as consistency and code uniformity, would signal D as 'Doc' and V as 'Voc.' So I am sceptical in regard to the 'nick-name's' origin."

The only explanation a signaller could invent, we try to guess, is that D sounds very like T on the telephone when there is a bombardment going on, but that Don and Toc

can be easily distinguished. But how unconvincing that is! "Don—O—Toc"—how harsh that sounds compared to the euphony of "Doc—O—Toc"! Ponder the alphabet in the quiet of your study, as our "old Army Instructor" has done, and the thing is obvious.

Dismiss, therefore, this signalling business: happily the very same Toc H pamphlet supplies the real clue. "The underlying reason," wrote Tubby, "was that it gave us our first aim and object which is 'To Conquer Hate.'" Hal a "Code-word": we are unmasked! "Is this 'aim and object'" (asks our author at this point) "really a Religious one connected with other curious movements, such as the 'Groups' movement among Oxford Undergraduates and the 'Oxford Movement' started in 1833, which aims at Union with haters of the Reformation?"

That is what the Latin Grammar calls "a question expecting the answer Yes." And as soon as our author has answered "Yes," he has nothing more to do than to pile up the evidence and make it fit into our condemnation. And how much evidence, unsuspected by the innocent young man who is entrapped in the web of Toc H, lies in full view of a detective's eyes! There is, for example, the Compass of Toc H, which can be construed as Thoughtfulness, Open-heartedness, Constancy, Humility—do you notice (as our author does) how the initial letters of those spell T—O—C—H? Very well, then! In the face of this, "is it not possible that there is ANOTHER AIM, not stated in any of the documents?" There is, he finds, a whole host of dangerous words in

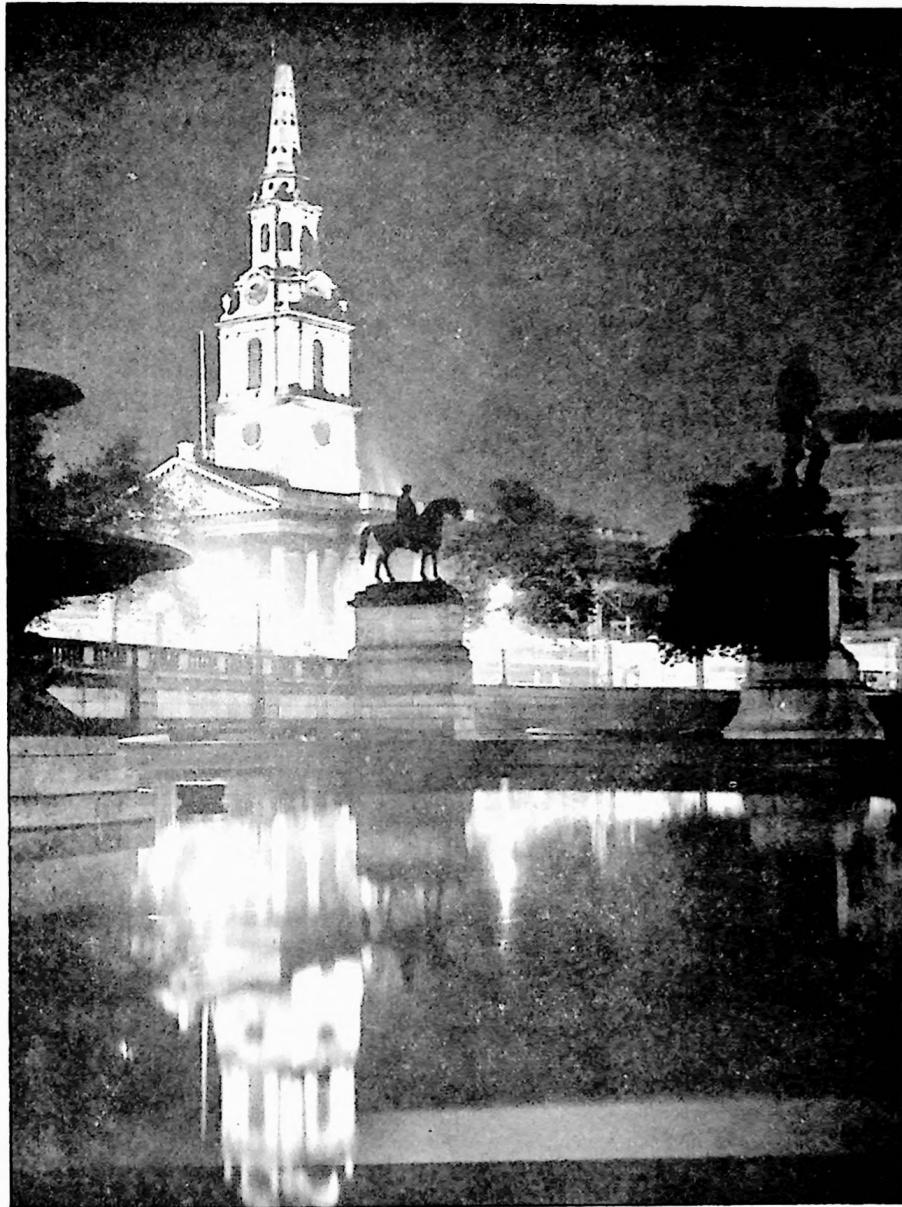
our literature—"Padres," "Lamps," "Sanctuary," "Greater glory of God" ("a Jesuit phrase"), "Ancient House" ("a Romish name for a building"), and so on *ad lib.* Have you ever considered, moreover, the risks in the word "love" which has occasionally been used in Toc H—"Love for one's fellow-creatures—Latin AMOR, which can be turned about and become ROMA—Rome?"

So far, so good: a suspicion has grown into a certainty. But the actual, fundamental key to this diabolical code, the coping-stone of the iniquity of Toc H is not yet fully exposed. Our author swoops upon it in one triumphant sentence, mostly printed in capitals in the original. "The word 'Toc H' is merely 'Torch' with the 'R' omitted. And R appears in many words especially used by this movement, such as RUSH, GROPE, GROUP, MARK, BRANCH, ELDER BRETHREN. Is it a CODE WORD?" This is so exciting that we join in the chase. Opening our Toc H JOURNAL for June at random we have just counted 117 R's on a single page—including Aspidistra, twice. What need to go further?

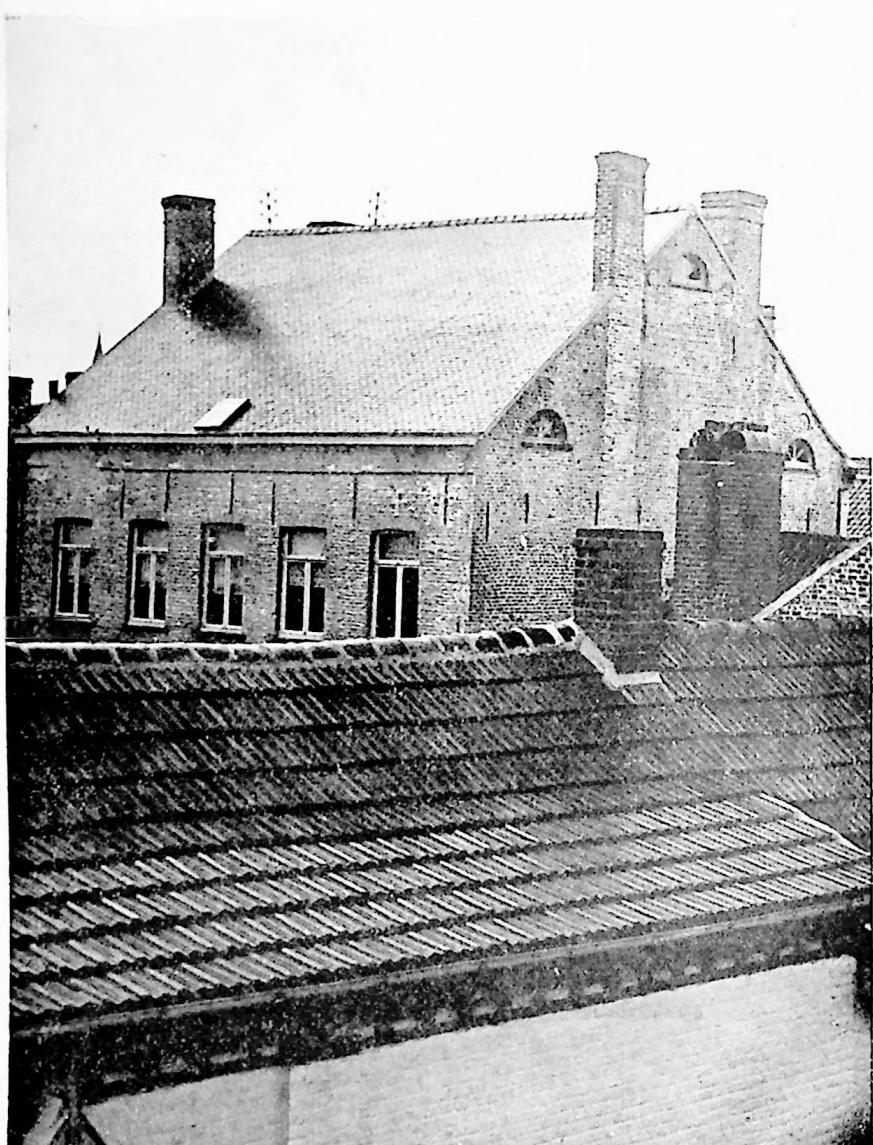
Our author, having proved his point to the last button, goes blithely on, but we need scarcely follow him further. "We must," he concludes, "anxiously scrutinize the literature sent, so as to be fair in our judgment of an organisation which claims to be doing good work among all classes, all over the world." Can anyone say fairer than that? But the dark suspicion, only too near to certainty, remains in his final question: "*Is Toc H Evangelical or Clerical?*" A nice question for our next Toc H Clergymen's Conference.

B. B.





ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS, FLOODLIT FOR THE CORONATION.
(Photograph by Miss G. M. Roffey, L.W.H.).



THE OLD HOUSE FROM SKINDLES.

A little-known view of the back of Talbot House, Poperinghe, seen from a window of Skindles Hotel across the Rue des Pots.

(Photo, by H. R. Pratt, Boorman, Maidstone Branch).

THE MORNING AFTER

A TWELVEMONTH and a day has elapsed since that wonderful week in June last year when, in the course of our twenty-first birthday celebrations, we sat enthralled in the Crystal Palace while the beautiful allegory of *Master Valiant* unfolded itself before our eyes. Much has happened since then.

Our Country, by God's Grace, has survived a constitutional crisis unprecedented in its history; another King and Queen have been crowned; the Crystal Palace has gone up in smoke.

The excitement has subsided; the throbbing headache is still; the joyful sacrifices for the success of the festival are forgotten, and we wake on the morning after, refreshed by a good night's rest. We are sitting up and looking round the room, and in the light of our visions of yesterday we dream our dreams of to-morrow. Are our dreams going to end, like the Crystal Palace, in smoke?

We can always read the writing on the wall, in our attitude towards the £ s. d. of Toc H.

Reaction

Our Cheerful Chancellor, in the June JOURNAL, reminds us that we at home paid no less than £12,000 to celebrate our coming-of-age. He also mentions that during the first half of the present financial year the income of Toc H is down by £1,350 odd—a drop of over £50 a week, on the corresponding period last year. Here is reaction with a vengeance! Is our vision of yesterday fading?

Turn to our own Units. Do you and I see any difference to-day among our own fellows? There is no standing still; we either go forward—or backward.

Are we, each one of us, still fired by the vision and inspiration of that Festival which began under the dome of St. Paul's and ended in a paean of Thanksgiving at the Albert Hall?

How many of us can honestly feel that, during the year, our work for Toc H has been strengthened by the Festival?

Poignant questions, these, for each man to answer. There is an unpleasant feeling that our Cheerful Chancellor's June report reflects fairly accurately our own individual reactions to the Festival.

Our courage, our determination, our work, our prayers—yes, our faith in Toc H itself—are these wavering?

Let us for a moment turn from finance.

Birthdays

Here are samples of Unit birthday programmes which have been celebrated during the last month or so:—

Unit A : A re-dedication service, including the Ceremony of Light, in a church—with an invitation to the church congregation, a fair number of whom were present. This was followed by a social evening in the Church Hall, consisting of buns, gossip and tea, and an entertainment provided by another Unit of Toc H. Most of those who were in church were there.

Unit B: An "open evening," in a sense that a general invitation to all and sundry—including of course the L.W.H.—was thrown out. The Ceremony of Light followed by buns, gossip and tea, with a member of Headquarters staff as the star speaker.

Unit C: Just an ordinary meeting, with two or three members from local Units; the Ceremony of Light, followed by the Unit Padre who, at the close, led a solemn re-dedication and renewal of the Main Resolution.

In some cases a Unit—priding itself upon its businesslike Executive—will charge 1/- or 2/- for tickets to attend its birthday festival.

Well, we live in a free country, more or less, and, after all, *chacun a son goat*, but is one wrong in assuming that the main object of a birthday is to be thankful for the past and to look forward with renewed inspiration and determination "to work for Thy Kingdom in the wills of men"?

Tomorrow

We dream our dreams of to-morrow in the light of our vision of yesterday. What, then, of Toc H in ten, twenty or forty years' time? That depends upon you and me.

If we sit down and wait for Headquarters to tell us periodically what Toc H is, what is wanted in Toc H, and how Toc H is to do this, that or the other, then Toc H will fail. It will become an ordinary society—like hundreds of others—doing “good works,” collecting an annual subscription from its members, controlled and driven by an autocratic Headquarters.

If, on the other hand, we are up and doing; if we realise that we are, each one of us individually, Toc H, that it is not our membership but our personality that makes Toc H; if we avoid the temptation to follow wandering fires—such as wild recruiting campaigns—then, and only then, can we begin to talk about building Toc H for the future.

When something approaching a majority of our members really know and appreciate the principles underlying Toc H and its Main Resolution, new men will come into Toc H by the only sound method of being drawn by our own individual personality.

Building

“Service and Sacrifice” is becoming dreadfully hackneyed to-day, with the result that to very many in Toc H it is little more than a pious phrase.

That there can be no service without sacri-

fice is still the only mortar that is going to build and hold Toc H against the storms of a very materialistic world. To illustrate this, we turn again to our Cheerful Chancellor's article in the June JOURNAL.

The first service of every member must be to see to it that Toc H is financially self-supporting, by making his own contribution a definite sacrifice. So often it is just another subscription amounting to “what I consider reasonable.” Here is no sacrifice. Can we value Toc H in terms of cash? It can't be worth much if we can.

We are told that there are 40,000 members of Toc H at home. There is unhappily much unemployment. Those who are not earning can clearly be expected to do nothing—although they do in many cases. Shall we assume that 10,000 members of Toc H are unemployed? That leaves 30,000 who are earning anything from 20/- to £30 a week—and more. If each of these earning members sacrificed one-eightieth of his income to Toc H, the thing is done and our Cheerful Chancellor would have something to justify his cheerfulness.

The plain fact is that Toc H could be—and will be—self-supporting just as soon as we, each one of us, take our courage and determination in both hands and realise that if we are to pay our rent for our room on earth, it just means sacrifice—hard sacrifice.

Once we realise what sacrifice means, we shall begin to build Toc H for the future and we shall indeed leap out of bed on this—“the morning after.”

H. H. R.

Missing

MY DEAR EDITOR,

Could you find space somewhere to let folk know that I am searching for one, Cyril Carter, who was a splendid member of Mark III in the old days—indeed, at its beginning in York Road, Lambeth?

F. Hawkins, the present House Secretary of Mark III, Hackney, has done all he can, and writes to me most kindly to say that Cyril's name is on the Communicants' Roll in the House Chapel. But no one seems to know there, or elsewhere, where he is stationed. After he went to East Africa, Harry Willink, Horace Flower, and myself kept in touch with him from time to time, but he has disappeared, so I appeal to you to ask your readers to assist the search.

The missing always were a nightmare to me, and letting mobile men get out of touch is a sad process. Let the JOURNAL help to find them, and salute them, and regain them.
All Hallows.

Your obedient servant, TUBBY.

NEWS OF THE LEPROSY VOLUNTEERS

WE mentioned in last month's number that Norman Crayford had sailed again for Nigeria. We hear of his safe arrival at Oji River, Onitsha Province, where he will stay for three months and learn as much as possible before sailing for Jamaica, where he will help at the leper camp there. A friend of the lepers who recently visited this camp, was so much struck with the need of someone to take an interest in and help these poor people that he offered the necessary funds for five years. From a letter just received from Crayford he seems to have enjoyed the strenuous time he spent at home, during which he addressed some 50 meetings. One incident is worthy of special mention : "After speaking to a large number of people at one of our meetings near Swindon, I was later told that a school teacher had repeated a little of it to some of her scholars—those about seven to ten years of age. Without her invitation the kiddies brought her pennies to the sum of five shillings because they felt sorry for the leper people. I thought it extraordinarily generous of the kiddies, and, as a little reward, offered to go along and give them a 'little talk.' It was arranged and I went, and despite the youthful age of the children, it went down quite well. The outcome is that I am to send in the names of two little leper children, whom they can keep in mind during school prayers, and an effort is to be made to have a little collection each year. The same thing happened with another school, the children being so interested in the subject that they stayed for an extra quarter of an hour after school time. We had an epidiascope that time, and were able to make good use of my photographs."

In Dr. Muir's report on leprosy work in Nigeria one of the recommendations was as follows: "As farming and various industries form a very important part of leper settlement development, I consider that there is need for a technical expert who would not be permanently attached to any one settlement, but would spend some months at each settlement in turn and initiate and develop farm-

ing, industries, etc. His experience gathered in each settlement he visits would be of use to all. He could be of special value in initiating *hydnocarpus* oil production and other industries requiring special skill, and could help and advise regarding buildings, latrines, water supply, etc." Bill Lambert, who sailed back to Nigeria on the 19th of May, could fit in to this post for a while at least. In a country like Nigeria, where settlements are isolated and work is being done often at high pressure and with little chance of contact with others similarly engaged, much is apt to be missed. It is hoped that a visit from a thoroughly practical man like Bill Lambert will help to obviate these disadvantages.

We hope shortly to send out three more volunteers. One of these will make up the vacancy due to Norman Crayford's transfer to Jamaica, and the other two will have an opportunity of studying leprosy and be ready to fill posts which will soon be available.

In a letter from Fred Tuck, he says : "The time since my arrival here has gone very quickly, and considering that it is now three months, one begins to wonder just how much it will be possible to do in a tour. I now have a 'farm' and a garden in the Colony and the people seem to be amused by my efforts in both directions. I've been told a good farmer is never a good gardener, and I suppose in course of time I shall be able to determine which, if either, I am. I need go no farther than to the lepers to obtain advice, but it might be awkward on occasion if it was always necessary to obtain their approval before getting done those things I wish to do. I am still quite well, and find that in spite of frequent exercise I have been putting on weight."

In a letter from Len Parker, he says, about an offer from L.W.H., Boston : "At first I hesitated to take in a patient to be supported by Toc H—L.W.H., Boston, for I was not certain whether they were prepared to contribute annually as long as he is here. The Native Administrations are no longer agree-

ing to pay the full maintenance for any patient. A young brother of the teacher here (the teacher is a patient) came to beg for admission. He had no means of raising any money towards his maintenance and the teacher doesn't know where his next year's contribution is coming from. The family seems to be completely on the rocks. They are nice lads so I decided to admit the young brother and enter him as the Boston *protégé*. His name is Okonkwo Okoye and his town is Nri in Awka division. He is about 12 years old and says he has had leprosy for 4 years. I'm doubtful about that statement. He had been to school and had got as far as Standard III before his teacher spotted the leprosy and expelled him. I haven't got a photograph of him yet, but I shall do so soon."

Malta requires a lay worker for its lepers. At present the principal means of dealing with leprosy is seclusion, which, not without some cause, is regarded by the patients as almost equivalent to imprisonment. This has had a bad effect on the morale of the male patients particularly. It seems almost certain that one of the most important causes of the trouble lies in the lack of occupation of the male inmates (the female inmates sew and do other work). It is felt that the only solution will be to recast the organisation entirely and to endeavour to bring the treatment of leprosy more into accord with modern ideas. As most of the lepers are Roman Catholics the authorities wish a ROMAN CATHOLIC lay worker. If any such is willing to volunteer he should communicate without delay with the Medical Secretary of B.E.L.R.A., 131, Baker Street, London, W.1.

MULTUM IN PARVO

¶ Canon CYRIL PEARSON (late All-India Padre), having completed his tour of Australia, New Zealand and the Far East, returns home at the beginning of this month and will take up his duties as Hon. Chief Overseas Commissioner in September.

¶ Padre MICHAEL COLEMAN, after nearly two years' strenuous work as Commissioner in Western Canada, will return to England in August and join the All Hallows staff.

¶ F. WYATT JOYCE (Asst. Editorial Secretary) sails by the *Largs Bay* on July 31 for Western Australia, of which Area he has been appointed Area Secretary. Padre P. SANDS ("Sandy") then completes his term of service as an Area Padre and will return to England a few months later.

¶ Padre R. L. ("Bob") WATSON (London Marks Padre) has been appointed to the Edwin Wright Memorial Chaplaincy in South Australia. He will sail for Adelaide about next October.

¶ The Rev. HAROLD PEARMAN (Reading) is appointed to the staff from July 1, and will be working in the South Western Area with Padre KENNETH BLOXHAM, who has recently

suffered a severe loss by the death of his wife after a long illness.

¶ CHARLES V. YOUNG (Carlisle) has been appointed to the staff, and, after a period of training, becomes Lakeland Area Secretary in place of HARRY MYCROFT, who will go to a Theological College in October.

¶ R. I. WEYMOUTH has resigned from his appointment as Architect under the Central Houses Committee and has been succeeded by B. WRIGHT.

¶ DAVID BLAIR (Valparaiso) is appointed Hon. Commissioner for Toc H in Chile.

¶ The engagement is announced of Padre TOM SAVAGE (recently of Johannesburg) and MONICA HILL (L.W.H. Staff, Southern Africa). Hearty congratulations to both!

¶ Congratulations also to GARNER and MRS. FREESTON on the birth, on June 9, of a son and heir.

¶ The new Branches recently promoted are: BIGGLESWADE, CHESTERTON and HEMEL HEMPSTEAD (Eastern Area), MORLEY and OSSETT (West Yorks. Area) and STIRLING (Scotland Central Area).

THE JULY 1937 LIST OF TOCH HEADQUARTERS, HOUSES AND AREAS

Headquarters :

47, FRANCIS STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

Telephone : Victoria 0354. Telegrams : Talbotouso, Southwest, London.

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Where omitted in the following pages, the address of the AREA PADRE is the same as that of the Area Secretary.

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THE OVERSEAS OFFICE, 42, Trinity Square, London, E.C.3, will be glad to receive from **I** Secretaries of units or other members of Toc H in the United Kingdom the names and addresses (a) Of men (whether members of Toc H or not) about to go overseas for the first time, and (b) Of members of Toc H visiting the United Kingdom from Overseas, who are not known to be already in touch with the Overseas Office. When members of Toc H, overseas, intend to visit the United Kingdom they are requested to send to the Overseas Office, through the Secretaries of their units, their names and addresses in the United Kingdom, any offices held in Toc H, probable date of arrival, and duration of stay.

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TRAVELLER'S TALES

Argentine Country

LET me begin with a trite sentence from last month's *Traveller's Tale*: "The inexhaustible wealth of the Argentine plain, with its cattle and crops, is the background of the capital." In other words Buenos Aires no more completes the picture of the Argentine Republic than Paris does that of France or London of England. B.A. was planted where it stands for good enough reasons: like London its River gave it birth. The first Spaniard sailed up this brown estuary in 1515; the first settlement was founded, 300 leagues farther upstream, by Sebastian Cabot, the Genoese adventurer from the Port of Bristol, eleven years later; and it was another ten years before the first city called Buenos Aires ("good climate") came to be. Its enormous growth since then is due less to politics than to livestock. Indeed the two coincide rather curiously. The most famous date in Argentine history is *Veinte Cinco de Mayo*—May 25th, 1810, the day when Independence from Spain was declared in Buenos Aires. In that same year the first merino sheep—the founder of so many fortunes—was imported from Europe. In 1825, after a war of liberation, a Federated Constitution was decreed—and the first Southdown sheep came on the scene to make history. The year 1848 is famous in European history for revolution in many countries, but in the Argentine revolution came that year in the shape of the first Shorthorn bull, the sire of incalculable riches. This most sophisticated capital city stands upon a natural foundation of the beasts of the field and the fruits of the earth. A livestock census in 1930 showed that one part of this foundation consisted of 32,000,000 cattle, 44,000,000 sheep and 10,000,000 horses. But with that less than the half is told, for 65 per cent. of Argentine export is not frozen meat or wool, but wheat and other "vegetable matter." But this is not to be a tyro treatise on farming but only a preliminary skirmish to say that in the Argentine it is "the land" that matters.

What like of land is this? My first impression, as a dweller in B.A., was that there is so much countryside in Argentina that you can't reach it. The "wide open spaces" are overpowering, as the Russian steppes, the Canadian prairie, the Australian "outbacks" must be. The dead level "camp," like a calm, monotonous green sea, runs out from the city's edge for 400 miles to the west and south. A whole night's journey across it by train will bring you, in the west, to your first sight of hills, in the south-west to the beginning of the desert. The townsman who has friends on an *estancia* (estate) in this expanse can taste the life of the country among cattle-men, can have a horse to ride, country sports, the life of a country house. If he is so lucky, that is a matter for his annual holiday. But where is the plain citizen of B.A. quickly to find what we call "the country"? He has a very fine keep-off-the-grass Park; he may belong to a golf-club, or, if he is British and well-to-do, he may enjoy the polite charms of Hurlingham Club which looks like a trim property imported from Sussex. He can have a Sunday's sailing or rowing on the Tigre, or, with a six-hour railway journey each way, reach the sea at Mar del Plata, the "Brighton of Buenos Aires." And he may—he often does—go no further than a stroll along the Costanera, the wide promenade beside the muddy River Plate, which on warm evenings is a larger car-park and a livelier "monkey-parade" than any at home. There, too, is the Balneario, the city's only "Lido," where hundreds splash about in thick brown water which is never more than knee-deep, on a foreshore astonishingly strewn with orange peel. Distances are too great for the week-end habit, or even the day's outing, to be usual. In other words, it is the very few who seek and find the countryside in their week's leisure. The Yorkshire slum dweller can reach the edge of the moor in a tram ride, the Londoner can pick bluebells in a wood and ramble over open downs between lunch-time and dark.

And those of us who are thus familiar with the infinitely varied joys of the pocket landscape which lies at the gates of English cities feel Buenos Aires a prison.

At the same time there is, of course, wonderful "country" in a land whose area is equivalent to nearly 30 per cent. of Europe. In intervals between Toc H duties (and there was a fair share of those) I went out to find some of it. Time and money would not stretch to a visit to what is said to be the finest journey of all—up the great Paraná River to the Iguazu Falls on the borders of Brazil and Paraguay. This is a voyage by steamer of 16 days at quickest: an alternative route, partly by rail, takes 23 days. And the Falls, the glory of the wild Territory of Missiones, are higher than Niagara by 40 feet and vie with the Victoria Falls in their grand sweep. The three next best journeys (if one adopts a rather foolish guidebook classification) I did contrive to make.

I. A DAY'S FISHING

"What shall we do or go fishing?" is an old question, answered in the affirmative. Lake Lake, leader of Toc H, is not only a fencer but a fisherman: Howard Dunnett and I are neither, but willing to try. 'Lako' takes the lordly salmon with a fly. I have only cast a fly once, on a summer evening upon Usk—and landed a 22-pounder in the first half-hour, by mistake. No one believes the story, of course, except one man who shouted directions in my ear and weighed the salmon afterwards. But 'Lako' can also demean himself to dangle a float in muddy water for inferior game, and he provided rods for Howard and me to do the same. So we spent one glorious week-end in the "Delta," the astonishing maze of streams at the point where two great rivers, the Paraná and the Uruguay, approach each other and become the wide estuary of the River Plate. Half-an-hour's railway journey takes you to Tigre, an island dotted with the rowing clubs of all nations and beset with the nimble mosquito. There a fast motor-boat awaited us and, nose in air between a sparkling arrow-head of wave, bore us hour after hour to our night's lodging. This is a lovely voyage through a

bewilderment of channels as complex as the map of London city. Each stream is as wide as Thames at Oxford or maybe at Maidenhead, and its banks, richly lined with poplar trees and enormous weeping willows, are often very like Thames itself. The water is much muddier and the flash of a black and orange bird or a knot of trees with scarlet flowers (not very unlike giant runner-beans) brings you back suddenly to "furrin parts." At last we emerged upon the Paraná itself, no more the upper reaches of the Thames but a stream far wider than the River at Westminster Bridge. In rough weather our little speedboat could not have dared the crossing, but over gentle waves, gold and blue in the sunset, we reached the other side and entered the Rio Chana, the one channel of many hundreds which was our goal. And soon we were tying up at a riverside stage, with the heartiest of English handshakes awaiting us on shore. A one-storied house, set in a green lawn, English—but not quite. For every window was covered with "fly-wire" and at the front door racemes of yellow orchid (*Oncidium varicosum*—the name came to me capriciously from days long past) cascaded out of a broken tree-stump. We dined in shirt-sleeves, and afterwards "went for a stroll" in boats downstream to baptize our virgin rods. The example lay on the lawn already as we embarked—half a dozen *dorado*, caught earlier in the day. This is a noble-looking fish, "the gilded one," with big fins of glowing orange, running to ten pounds and more. But de'il a bite did we get that evening—except from the midges.

Sunday dawned with a blue sky and a blaze of heat. And all day long, with most appropriate meals at intervals, we sat in boats among the reeds on the banks of Chana. It was the "bent-pin-and-worm" style of fishing, in which one watches a coloured float which bobs every twenty minutes—because a pestilential little fish, the *mocarita*, is sucking off the scrap of raw meat which no *dorado* seems to notice. Not a real fish all day to any of us, not even the redoubtable 'Lako,' but we were marvellously happy in "the contemplative man's recreation." The water sparkled in blinding flashes, the sun

soaked us through and through, and hope never deserted us; a sunset of lavender, indescribably luminous, led us home to sup on fish someone else had caught. "What shall we do or go fishing?" "Why, go fishing," say I.

II. THE CORDOBA HILLS

Get into the train in Buenos Aires on an evening and in fourteen hours' time you will be in the city of Córdoba, an ancient place (second only to Lima in age in South America) rapidly growing new. As you fall asleep in your bunk, beyond the suburbs of B.A., you give a good-night glimpse at the dead level plain, with its green crops and dusty tracks and the primitive shacks of cattle men. Wake next morning early and lift the blind, and you will be looking out on the dead level plain, with crops and tracks and shacks, transfigured with the pale golden lovely light of dawn. Has the train moved at all during the hours of sleep? Actually you have travelled 400 miles, and soon after that you are in the city, a widespread place of a quarter of a million souls, roasting in a cup of low enclosing hills.

Climb the steep street in a car, pause under the avenue of very noble trees in the Park at the top, and survey the whole town shimmering in sunshine below. Then away from this oven to the freshness of the hills, the Sierras of Córdoba. Climbing slowly, then dropping down to the shores of a little lake, then climbing again, through dusty little villages, past *estancia* houses shaded by tall eucalyptus, my wife and I reached Cruz Chica ("Little Cross") in the early afternoon. Once again an English guest-house: Runcnacles is the English name of the proprietress, known far and wide in the hamlets round about for a generation of neighbourly service.

And here is an English garden—and more. Sweet William and Shirley Poppies foot the grassy slope in brilliant masses and the long border of Monkshood and Lupin leads away, between apple trees and a luxuriant kitchen garden, to a tiny pond and a rockery glowing with flowers; there is a swimming pool of clear green water on the orchard slope above

it. The sunlight is far stronger than at home and the colours of the homely flowers show brighter. And as if to make you certain at once, a great Swallowtail sails through the bright lacework of leaves overhead: no butterfly has a more effortless flight. And then—wonder of wonders the first time one sees it!—two living jewels are suddenly poised at the mouth of each flower beside the pond, darting, wheeling, disappearing, returning on wings whose shape is scarcely more visible to the slow human eye than the blades of an aeroplane propeller in flight. Living jewels of emerald and topaz and lapis lazuli, too swift for a moth, too little for a bird—that is one's first delighted impression of a Humming Bird in its native freedom. An hour later we saw its nest, a tuft of woven gossamer under the eaves of a summer-house in the garden, meet cradle for such a fairy.

For three delicious days we wandered about these hills. Cruz Chica, a few scattered country villas, each in its own domain of trees and flowers, lies on a sloping spur, 3,500 feet above sea level. A stream runs down a rocky course on either hand, a torrent in winter, all but dry in summer. There are exciting tales of the sudden rise of these streams after the torrential storms which are not rare. One famous spate three or four years ago was described to me by a man, who fled from it, as a solid wall of water descending on the road on which he urged his horse. It swept in a moment over the twelve foot rampart into one villa and drowned the family within; a chauffeur in the garage on higher ground had barely time to climb on to the roof of his car, where he lay trapped under the ceiling overhead while the water rose to the level of his uneasy couch—then paused and slowly went down again. The family in another *estancia* were besieged by roaring water all round the house and it was more than a day before the rescue party could reach them. And the aftermath was deep sludge and debris which buried the furniture and obliterated the gardens. In the bright spring weather of our visit the clear musical stream, making little pools among the boulders, gave no hint of any such demon power.

Down the steep valley long ranks of poplar and clear green willows mark the water-course, and the banks are bright with grass and flowers. On either hand the higher hills rise, enfolding this little paradise. The slopes are clothed in grey-green trees, much like olives at first sight but no relation, and on higher ground with knee-high scrub of various kinds, mostly—as we found by frequent contact—armed with spines of every uncomfortable shape. And against the depths of blue sky stand the carved summits of bare rock, much like the hills of our own Lakeland. One morning I rose before light and set out alone to see sunrise from the highest peak. Caught in an impassable angle of the stream, entangled in prickly scrub, misled by goat tracks which ended nowhere, I arrived very heated and but half way up when the sun rose. But the golden flush over the rocks and the intense blue background of the distant plain were a good reward.

In a fold of the hills there is a tiny stream where I spent a whole afternoon—I must not linger so long there now. A trail of Passion Flower grows by the gate which leads to the green lawn where it flows into sight, descending through a narrow defile and a tangle of trees. The note of a Bellbird, the clear musical *ping* of a silver bell being struck, drew me aside to this place. And for some hours I pushed my way up the course of the stream and its tiny tributaries. Here the water had cut a narrow channel through the solid rock, and dropped in a six-foot waterfall into a deep basin; there it flowed through mosses and Forget-me-nots, half lost in leaves. On the steep slopes little golden Calceolarias, the great-grandparents of the blousy bags to be seen at the Chelsea Flower Show, nodded on slender stalks. Across bare patches of gravel sprawled a low-lying Verbena with the most brilliant red flowers: “What would a florist say” (wrote the delighted Charles Darwin, from South America just a hundred years before me) “to whole tracts so thickly covered with the *Verbena melindres* as, even at a distance, to appear the most gaudy scarlet?” And at one turn I caught a sheen of white high up the rocks, and, scrambling

to it, found large-flowered lilies beside a little pool. And then a penetrating sound, above the harsh notes of unknown birds and the snoring of fat frogs, nose only out of the water, caught me. I set to work to trace this new voice, a clear note between a whistle and a small bell, coming out of the ground. Almost on hands and knees I worked a way up the stream-bed foot by foot. The noise stopped: I stopped and it began again. At last its origin sat revealed—a tiny toad, not more than an inch and a half long, but of an intense black, mottled, like a Salamander, with brilliant yellow, which on his belly turned to rose. With throat distended to a translucent membrane twice his own size, he chanted to his mate; and she sat, placidly attentive, a foot away upon a tuft of cress in mid-stream. Holding my breath I watched Romeo serenading his Juliet; then, like a monster, swept up the lovers, one in each hand, and imprisoned them in my handkerchief. They went home to tea with me and were last seen busily climbing the rockery in the Runnacles’ garden towards the swimming pool.

Even in the Córdoba Hills you do not quite escape Toc H. One blazing afternoon we descended the valley, crossed the stream-bed and pursued the uphill road for a couple of hours to high-lying Los Cocos where there is a British Orphanage. There, at tea with the Matron in an English drawing-room and afterwards among the children, we heard tell of the steady job being done by a lone Toc H man who runs a Scout Troop for the boys. Returning that evening we found him, badge in buttonhole, knocking at the Runnacles’ front door. He supped with us and after that we set him a mile or two on his way home. His health had broken down in the close air of Buenos Aires and for some time he has been struggling with a little chicken farm in the hills, seven or eight miles from Cruz Chica, a venture which gives him new life but the barest, simplest living. As we walked with him by a lovely track between woods and the bare hills the sun sank low, and he warned us to turn back. “They know me round here,” he said, “but they’re not very safe with strangers after dark.”



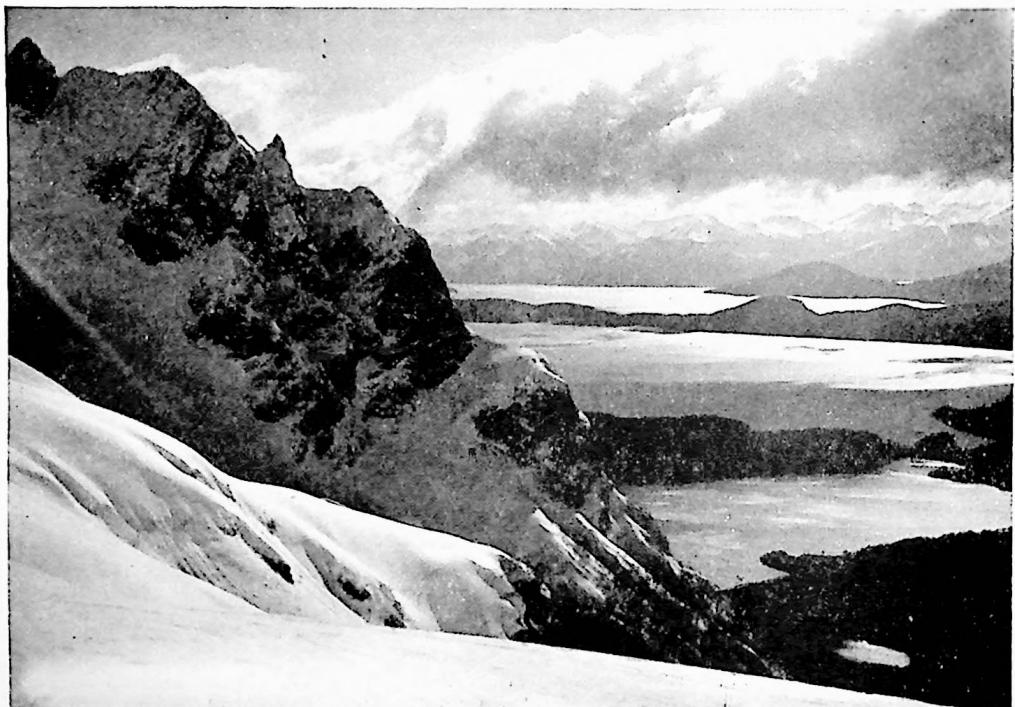
IN THE DELTA: "We entered the Rio Chana, the one channel of many hundreds, which was our goal" (*p. 264*).



THE CORDOBA HILLS: "The slopes are clothed in grey-green trees . . . and on higher ground with knee-high scrub. . . . Against the depths of blue sky stand carved summits of bare rock, much like the hills of our own Lakeland" (*p. 266*).



THE EDGE OF THE DESERT : "The hills . . . broke up into a fantastic series of volcanic pinnacles . . . and below us the river spread widely, the Rio Limay" (*p. 271*).



ON CERRO LOPEZ : "Far below us Nahuel Huapi was shining. . . . The dark forest outlined its little bays at the mountain foot. And its final limit was a rampart of great peaks, gleaming with snow or gloomy in cloud, the Andes" (*p. 273*).

With a wave of his thick stick to us he disappeared round the corner, a heartening figure. There are so many "contacts" of an hour in Toc H, unlikely to be renewed but never forgotten.

III. ACROSS THE CONTINENT

The time had come, after two busy, happy months, to bid "Good-bye" to the family of Toc H in Buenos Aires and move on to a job which was not strictly "in the contract" but seemed to me inescapable—a visit to the family in Chile. To reach the other coast of the Continent a choice of routes lies open. One can go round by sea, a long voyage to the Horn or through the Straits of Magellan. Usually one travels by the Transandine Railway, the shortest route, which means a journey of 650 miles by rail or plane to Mendoza and thence partly by car, where a section of over-boldly engineered track was swept away a few years ago, or by flying at 16,000 feet across a shoulder of the giant peak of Aconcagua. A third route remains—that of the Southern Lakes—and this I chose.

It is a long journey, with great rewards. Ten days passed between the night when I left a crowd of friends from Argentine Toc H cheering on the departure platform at B.A. and the night when I stepped out, at Valparaiso, into the arms of Toc H friends in Chile. I must only pursue this journey now to the borders of the Argentine Republic: the very notable succeeding half of it belongs to another country, the Republic of Chile, and may claim some words another time.

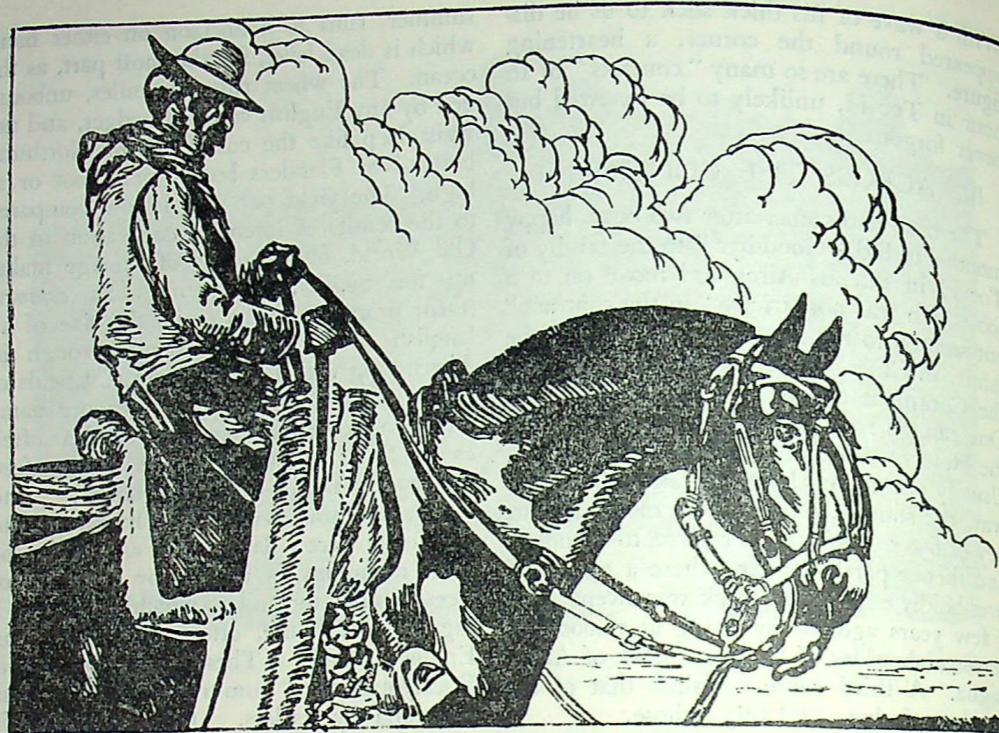
A Glimpse of 'The Camp'

This "Camp" has nothing to do with tents and bugle-calls or lads in shorts cooking porridge. It is the Latin *campus*, the Spanish "*El Campo*," the vast wheat-growing, cattle-raising plain of the Argentine. All through this night I was rumbling across it in a sleeping-berth on the British train of the Great Southern Railway. But I had done this part of the journey by day some weeks earlier and had caught an impression of the country. Hour after hour the landscape scarcely changes. The "camp," all green in springtime, scorched and tawny in high

summer, runs to a horizon on either hand which is dead level, for the most part, as the ocean. The wheat runs for miles, unbounded by any English crooked hedges, and not waist-deep like the corn-fields of Northumberland or Flanders but a mere foot or so high. The yield per acre is low compared to the results of intensive cultivation in the Old World, but quantity of acreage makes up for quality. Sometimes an *estancia* (farm property) seems to be the size of an English county as one passes through it. Alternating with the wheat are vast fields of *alfalfa* ("lucerne" is our commoner name for it), a clover-like crop, harvested as often as six times a year, which is said to feed 150,000,000 sheep, cattle and horses. And there are thousands of acres of linseed, a kind of blue-flowered flax. Here and there the level monotony is broken by a cluster of trees, visible for miles, which surrounds a big *estancia* house, often the home of an English family. These trees are mainly Eucalyptus, the "gum-tree" imported from Australia by settlers. For the only indigenous tree on the "camp" is "*El Ombu*" (which gave its name to a short but great romance by W. H. Hudson), a lonely giant as a rule, which used to serve as a landmark for the rider of these plains.

Great tracts of pasture succeed the miles of growing crops. This often looks a coarse and scanty feed for the best beef in the world, and the enormous number of animals are thinly scattered over it, seldom to be seen in close herds. The pasturage is punctuated at frequent intervals by the bleached bones of oxen, lying where they fell and soon picked clean by the carrion *gallinazo*, a disgusting vulture, which cruises high above the plain and low over the roofs of every South American village. These forlorn skeletons lie often, I noticed, crumpled against a wire fence as if the creature, maddened by drought, had spent its last breath in a struggle to break through into a new pasture as hopeless as its own.

Beside the railway track for many hundreds of miles runs the unmetalled road, deep in dust under the sun or impassable with mud after a thunderstorm. In old days the only



transport on the road and across the trackless desert beyond the green plain was the ox-cart, counterpart to the famous "covered wagon" of the North American prairie. You may get a "close-up" of these old timers in the fascinating little museum at Lujan, in an old colonial house which was the prison of British officers who raided Buenos Aires in 1806. They are vehicles built on elephantine lines, two-wheeled—and the wheels stand eight or even ten feet high, with their tyres bound round with thongs of raw hide. The labour of men and the long-drawn suffering of the yoked teams which crossed this country with such a primitive, if practical, machine passes calculation.

Petrol, of course, has wrought a revolution. Modern transport is very often represented by Henry Ford's earliest vintage, the authentic "Tin Lizzie" or "Flying Bedstead," which has proved itself in many parts of the world the chief pioneer of our century. Where the luxurious new American cars break down and await an ox-team to pull them out and where British makes seem

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unable to "stand up to" the job at all, the rusty, spidery Ford, with its home-made body precariously tied on, rattles its way all over South America still.

But the old days of the horseman are not gone and can never pass while cattle are bred on these plains to feed us with frozen meat or "bully beef." Far off, in the clear air, you will see a tiny speck moving, man and horse grown together almost as closely as a centaur. And then there will be a drifting brown cloud, twenty feet high, along the dust road beside the train, and in the heart of it you will discern the shapes of cattle and the cantering pair of *gauchos* who drive them. The Argentine *gaucho* is as famous among the world's horsemen as the cowboy of the Wild West. Both have deteriorated in picturesqueness since the days of Fennimore Cooper or even Buffalo Bill, whom I saw as a child. Some years ago I had a sight, too, of the Scottish hero of all *gauchos*, Robert Cunningham-Graham ("Don Roberto") riding in Rotten Row in London, a glorious figure in Argentine kit, who

shamed all other riders there into mere sacks on horseback. Too often nowadays the North American rider is represented by the "parlour cowboy," who earns a living by circus-tricks at a travelling *rodeo* or in the Wild West films. And it is a hundred years since Charles Darwin, an unknown young English naturalist, rode with five *gauchos* for five hundred miles to Buenos Aires over this very tract where the Southern Railway now runs. There was war then, without quarter, between the Indian tribes and the army of Rosas, the savage dictator, who gave Darwin his "safe conduct." So they rode fast and far by day, sometimes halting to hide among the tall thistles when Indian patrols were sighted, and at night slaughtered a mare for supper (for no *gaucho* deigned to ride a mare, only to breed from her and eat her), and slept only in their blankets under the stars.

"The *gauchos*," wrote this young Englishman in 1832, "are generally tall and handsome, with proud and dissolute expression of countenance. They frequently wear their moustaches, and long black hair curling down their backs. With their brightly coloured garments, great spurs clanking at their heels, and knives stuck as daggers (and often used so) at their waists, they look a very different race of men from what might be expected from their name of *gauchos*, or simple countrymen. Their politeness is excessive; they never drink their spirits without expecting you to taste it; but whilst making you their exceedingly graceful bow, they seem quite as ready, if occasion offered, to cut your throat."

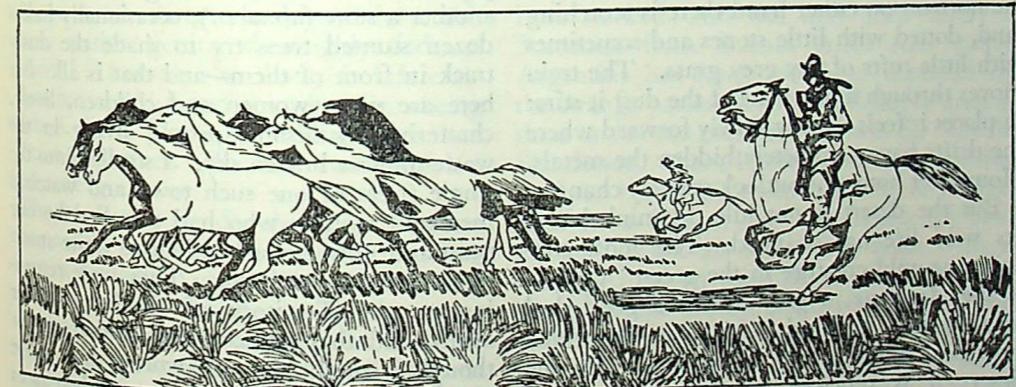
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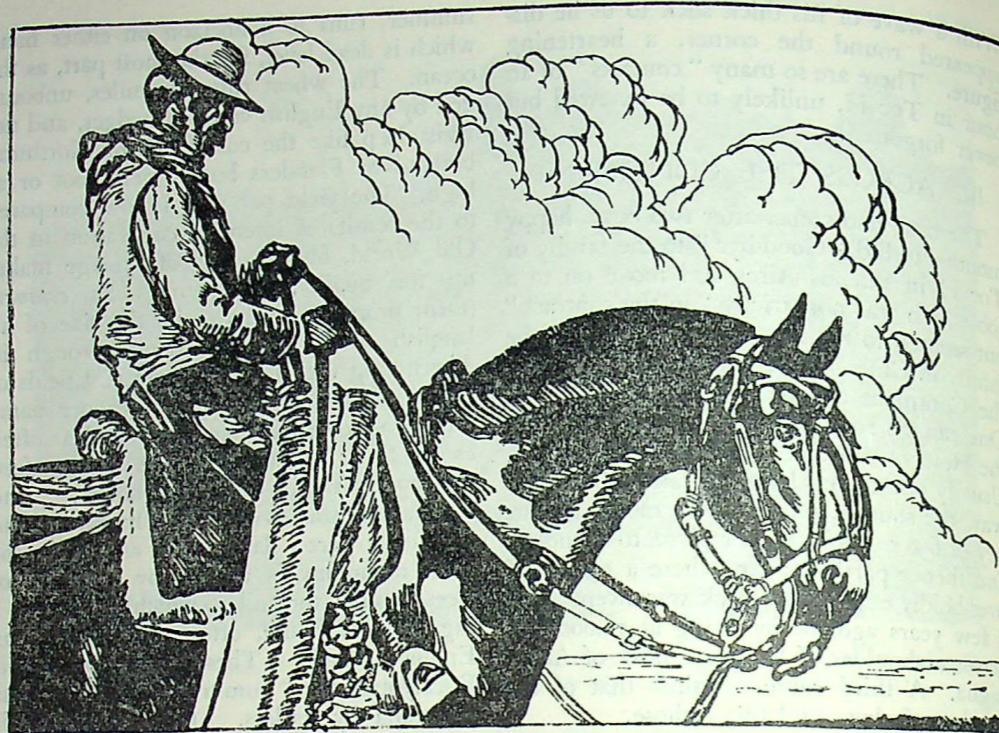
Bahia Blanca

After 300 miles the monotony of the "camp" is unexpectedly broken by a range of hills, over 3,000 feet high, the Sierra de la Ventana ("Hill of the Fan"). Coarse tufts, like the marram-grass of the Norfolk coast, clothe the lower slopes from which grey ridges rise completely bare. Darwin, probably the first foreigner to climb these hills, wrote, "I do not think nature ever made a more desolate pile of rock," and could not find enough vegetation there even to make a skewer to roast his supper that night. But nowadays tall poplars have been planted beside a shallow stream which issues from the mountain slope, and there is a golf-course!

Soon after comes Bahia Blanca ("White Bay"—so called perhaps because its shore consists of miles of black mud). A port which has felt the "slump" badly, a busy dépôt for railway men, a grilling town famous above all for its dust. The first time I was there it was counted a good day, but my eyes smarted and my tongue was dry with the little whirlwinds of dust which danced at the street corners. The second



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time I passed through the dust cloud, rising in a brown haze high into the sky, almost hid the town like a fog. And here is a hostel run for its young employees by the Southern Railway, with which our movement has for some years been connected: it is known to everyone in Bahia Blanca simply as "The Toc H." It is a venture which has had its ups and downs in this dreadful and thirsty climate, but for the very reason of the difficulties it is up against, the effort to maintain it is worth while.

And so, with a glimpse of the South Atlantic, southwards to Carmen de Patagones, the border of the Province of Buenos Aires and the limit of the British railway. Darwin found the little town full of well-dressed, demoralized Indians, with memories and ruins still fresh from desperate fighting between them and the Spaniards. I remember nothing of it save a comic altercation in pidgin Spanish over my railway ticket—for at this point you change over from the British to the Argentine State line. This chiefly means that the time-table from then onwards begins to go to pieces and that a restaurant car of very uncertain age and stability takes the place of British comfort.

The Desert

And then resign yourself to a long day in the desert and to its grey powdery dust which seeps through every crack in the train, heaps itself in little drifts on the seats and floor of the compartment, discolours your clothes, grits your mouth and peppers your food. Gone is the green sea of corn and *alfalfa*: to the horizon on either hand there is scorching sand, dotted with little stones and sometimes with little tufts of dry grey grass. The train moves through a fine haze of the dust it stirs; in places it feels its way slowly forward where the drifts have completely hidden the metals. Hour after hour this outlook scarcely changes.

But the desert is not idle or uninhabited. Its wild life has changed. The most conspicuous wild creature in the green "camp" is the *Avestruz*, a grey ostrich a good deal smaller than its South African cousin which provides plumes for debutantes. In the desert it is replaced by the *Guanaco*, an

elegant creature, cousin to the *Llama* of Peru. Out of a great pad of reddish wool, carried on four elegant grey legs, a long grey neck stretches up and turns a small camel-like face to watch the train go by. Sometimes the creature will give a sudden prance in the air and then leap away with the swiftness of a deer—though it is more camel or sheep than deer. I never saw more than half a dozen together, though Darwin, farther South, once saw "at least five hundred": to watch such a herd on the move must be a fine sight. An Australian *estancia* manager on the train told me that the *guanaco* can outdistance any horse in a straight line but can be ridden round until it is confused and cornered. He saw one, driven into a *corral*, take the eight-foot fence in a standing jump and get clean away.

Less exciting to the tourist but much more important to the country are the sheep. It seems incredible that this desert can blossom into some of the best wool in the world. From the dusty windows of the train you see an odd sheep here and there nibbling a tuft of dry scrub, but there is no impression of the vast herds which are really there. "Pretty good land, this," says the Australian expert, as we pass by, "About nineteen acres to a sheep—it's a lot more further South." And the sheep farmers? Now and again you come upon a wretched single-roomed house beside the track, and every few hours to a "town" where the train halts for quite a time. A cluster of single-roomed houses of mud or corrugated iron, one or two of more pretentious brick, one calling itself a hotel, another a store (*almacen*); occasionally half a dozen stunted trees try to shade the dusty track in front of them—and that is all. But here are men, women and children, lively, chattering, handsome people, living in the waste under a brazen sky. I strolled into the single street of one such town and watched men and women who had travelled by our train and now embarked in two quite smart motor buses to go home. They were returning to the Territory of Chubut, farther south, and they puzzled me at first. For though I caught Spanish words, they spoke chiefly a very foreign language and their faces

reminded me of another country. At last I hit upon it! That young man—surely I saw his very brother on the platform of Cardiff station a few months ago: the speech, the unmistakable intonation, the indefinable gesture is Welsh! The story of the Welsh colony in Chubut is a queer and not very happy one. The first settlers emigrated *en masse* from Wales in 1865, to escape the provisions of an Education Act which made the teaching of English, alongside Welsh, compulsory in their schools. These conscientious objectors inherited a tract of rather poor land in the Argentine where they raise sheep. They still speak their native language, they do not disdain Spanish, but not a word of the English oppressor's tongue will they know to this day. And the nemesis of extreme nationalism (is it not already showing signs in the new totalitarian states of Europe?) has overtaken them. Intermarriage has weakened the stock, restriction of ideas enfeebled their powers, until (I was often told) their health and character is steadily declining. "I keeps myself *to* myself" is not Nature's plan for mankind and doesn't pay.

Into the High Hills

For an hour the train had been climbing slowly and now for an hour it halted, while our big engine was taken off and busied itself with shunting cattle trucks all over a series of sidings. The train only runs twice a week and this job has to wait, apparently, until its engine can be borrowed. Shunting, I have always understood, is an intricate scientific game and it was amusing to a non-railwayman to watch those who played it at this remote station getting thoroughly tied up. "Check!" I wanted to shout, as I foresaw a false move which ended in the points being blocked, in a flurry of waving arms and Spanish expletives. We were two hours late before we got away.

The desert was rapidly changing; we were now panting through a ravine with brawling water in the bottom of it. The hills on either side grew steeper and then broke up into a fantastic series of volcanic pinnacles, a sort of city of ruined castles of rock. And below us the river spread widely, the Rio Limay, with

a background of mountains touched, in their farthest ranges, with snow. The Andes at last! In the afternoon of shimmering heat we came down to Bariloche, the most southerly terminus of the railway in the Argentine.

My hostess, in response to a telegram, was waiting—a sturdy German girl, hatless and sunburnt, with the inevitable ancient Ford car. We lurched down the main street of ankle-deep dust and quickly made friends over some shopping. At a corrugated iron *almacen* we loaded an open crate of potatoes, a side of bacon, two large iron crowbars, a sack of seed, half a dozen parchment lampshades (so elegant that I had to nurse them on my lap), a coil of rope and other miscellaneous gear. And thus surrounded we drove, with lively laughter and German speech, for an hour along the lovely borders of Lake Nahuel Huapi (which you may pronounce Nah-wale Wah-pée).

This is a very large lake, one of the grand series which runs through the Andes into Chile. Its sparkling blue surface hides enormous depths; its shape is extremely intricate, running into great arms (they are so called, for instance, "Braza de la Tristeza," the "Arm of Sadness"), each of which is a big lake in itself; it is fretted with idyllic little bays and sprinkled with wooded islands. And its setting is a rim of thick forest, out of which towering cliffs of bare rock rise, with peak after peak of unmelted snow behind, a scene of great grandeur. Some of the neighbouring lakes, especially Traful, have been stocked with fish and draw many a Scotsman from Buenos Aires (the native Argentine has rarely yet been captured by the strange passion for rod and line): among these one of the most devoted was Sir Neville Henderson, whom I met as our Ambassador in B.A., before his recent transfer to Berlin. And in a fold of the hills beside Nahuel Huapi I spent an interesting hour with a young American scientist, in the service of the Argentine Government, who showed me millions of tiny trout and salmon which he is raising in a series of fishponds to stock the big lake.

Bavaria in the New World

And so we came to our inn. Bahia Lopez is no more than a tiny bay tucked between the feet of a steep mountain. A stone jetty turns it into a pigmy harbour, in which two small motor *lanchas* lie. Virgin forest shields the bay on both sides and round its level shore runs a grove of feathery bamboos, twelve or more feet high. It is marked as a place on the map, and the place is no more than a very small inn, kept by my *chauffeuse* and her sister, two young German girls. In the summer months (our winter at home) a lake steamer or a few cars deposit a handful of tourists there most days for lunch. In the winter (our summer) there are no guests and the small place is pretty well snowed up. Then comes a little leisure in which the two sisters break boldly away on skis—still a source of wonderment to any Argentine—over the uncharted snow of the peaks round about. But there are few Argentines to do the wondering, for the scattered neighbours for miles are German or, round a bend of the lake, a colony of German-Swiss. I was to find, during the next week, that all enterprise in this corner of the Argentine, across the chain of lakes and far up into central Chile on the other side, is German.

The little inn at Bahia Lopez comes straight out of a South German picture book. Its wooden architecture belongs to any Bavarian lakeside. Its cheerful spotless living room is furnished with the familiar check tablecloths and curtains, with narrow chairs, of local wood, fashioned by a local German carpenter, who has pierced their backs with the well-loved heart shape. The sconces for electric light are *Kronleuchter* of a beautifully figured local timber—and I was allowed to spend an hour fitting the new parchment shades to these, to the general approval of us all. A Black Forest cuckoo clock ticks and calls on the wall; logs crackle at night on an open hearth below a shelf of Tyrolean carvings and German novels. For supper there is an admirable *Schnitzel* and German beer.

Upstairs there are four guest-rooms only. One of these, on my arrival, was occupied by

a young Argentine couple who were leaving next day. I sat that night with them at the supper table and over the fire, with our hostesses, afterwards. Conversation was rather restricted, for I have few words of Spanish and they had no other tongue. My hostess told me that these guests had arrived by car from Buenos Aires three weeks before: a tourist agency had told them they ought to see the Southern Lakes. And since then, she said, they had taken one drive, come back saying the roads were too dangerous—and never been beyond the harbour since. She had offered to row them in her boat the couple of hundred yards to a wooded promontory, whence there is a delicious walk of a couple of miles back to the inn. But they had declined, saying that they could see no point in it: what people could see in these rough mountains beat their comprehension. Just before mid-day (the luncheon hour) they would emerge from their bedroom, beautifully dressed in fashionable "country" clothes, the lady showing the perfection which comes of a morning's hard work—the carefully misplaced eyebrows, the crimson slash across her face where a quite attractive mouth ought to have been, the glistening crimson talons which fashion decrees. At this moving spectacle I came over Tennysonian, with: "Nature, red in tooth and claw." Only it was the reverse of nature: it was a consummate prostitution of art. But then, I'm only an old fogey! After an excellent lunch the young couple would retire for a *siesta*, emerge, still better dressed, for dinner, and so to bed. It struck me as rather a conventional programme for a three-weeks' honeymoon.

At this point I am tempted to go off into a philosophical disquisition on the appreciation of natural beauty, its curiously slow awakening in history and art, its cultivation as a passion by the Anglo-Saxon and Teuton races, its comparative or total absence among the more civilised Latins. What painter first thought a landscape background worth while? Who first climbed a mountain just for the view, and what did his contemporaries think about him? It is a good theme, full of fascinating examples, but I must refrain.

Taking the Dog out

I made friends at once with the handy-man, a grizzled German who kept the inn in apple-pie repair, drove the launches and the car and did every odd job with ingenuity. He told me much about the countryside and the neighbours, man and woman, bird and beast and flower. And for three most delightful days I explored the parts round about. Not alone, for on my first sally from the inn door "Boy" rose up from the dust without a word and followed me. He was an aged wire-haired terrier, who understood German but was, I guess, non-Aryan in pedigree; he had a perpetual and inaccessible flea. I plunged into the bamboo thicket and cut myself an admirable five foot walking stick, and so we set out together. From that time "Boy" never left me on my walks.

The shady forest, humming with harmless, hornet-like flies, the little creeks and streams, the sudden glimpses of a new arm of the Lake or a far summit above the clouds were an endless satisfaction. One afternoon I took a fancy for the Cerro Lopez, the mountain above our inn. It is a longish walk and often pretty steep. At moments I doubted whether the old dog, panting in the fierce sun, would finish the course, but he went gamely all the way. A track through the woods led us to a precipitous hillside dotted with rocks and scrub and a few wild flowers. Here the heat struck upwards from the sandy surface to meet the heat beating down. "Boy" called a halt half-way to search for his eternal flea, and I made friends with a comical, stumpy-tailed lizard, which seemed also to understand German: I was allowed to tickle his back with my finger while he screwed his neck round to get a look at my face. Otherwise there was scarcely any wild life all the way, not a bird, hardly more than a stray beetle burrowing in the hillside.

Then we passed upwards into the fretted green light of tall overarching bamboos, where walking was a hot struggle. And then into a region of forest trees, some tumbled in confusion across the steep gullies by winter storms. And finally the track, never very plain, petered out in swampy

ground, and I had to pick landmarks of fallen trees carefully for the return journey—for to be lost here might be no fun. All this time I had kept half a hope (I will not claim it was more) that we might sight a "lion," as the local folk call the Puma. This great tawny cat is not rare in these immense forests. He descends in winter, driven by hunger, to the shores of the Lake, raids the herds of snow-white goats, which he kills by springing on their shoulders and twisting their heads back till the neck snaps. The farmers hunt him then with dogs and when he takes to a tree shoot him down. I was assured by my handy-man that the Puma is a great coward and will never attack a man unless wounded and surrounded. I admit that a bamboo walking-stick did strike me as a flimsy weapon for "lions."

Now we were above the tree-line. Precipices of bare rock hung above us, with snow in the ledges, pinnacles, worthy of a far better mountaineer than I, stood sharp against the fathomless blue sky. Somewhere above us I knew there was a small "Alpine" hut, but the afternoon was too far gone to risk finding it. We would reach the next rise and then, reluctantly, turn towards home. The little ridge screened a surprise, a small field of dazzling snow. "Boy" was on it, rolling over and over in the white powder in ecstasy even before I could scramble down to it. I had climbed, as is my wont, in sandals, and the thrilling cold of snow was immensely grateful to hot and dusty feet. I stood there a minute or two and looked back. Clear over the head of the steep forest by which we had come and far below us, Nahuel Huapi was shining in silver and steel-blue. The dark forest outlined its little bays at the mountain foot. And its final limit was a rampart of great peaks, gleaming with snow or gloomy in cloud, the Andes which are the backbone of a whole Continent. Those minutes will not pass from me.

"Komm, Boy," I said, "*es geht nach Hause.*" The old dog roused himself from an exquisite combat with the eternal flea, and we went down the hill together.

BARCLAY BARON.

MONEY BOX FINANCE.

In an epoch-making article to the JOURNAL some months ago I suggested in all seriousness the infantile but efficacious Money Box as a solution of Toc H's money problem. The Family did not take my article in the same serious spirit in which it was offered.

According to Mus, Toc H is still (and likely to remain) in the financial soup. I again rattle the Money Box with all the seriousness at your command.

As I understand the position, we are running Toc H at a loss of some £3,000 a year, our staff is below the minimum and is badly overworked.

Is Toc H to be allowed to perish for want of the vital blood stream?

This is our answer.

I assume that there are 30,000 active members. Thirteen Shillings a year at least (not "as an average" which means that I put in a penny and leave you to write up fivepence) from each member would bring in £19,500 a year instead of the present £13,000. But Thirteen Shillings at any given moment is very hard to come by.

On the other hand Threepence a week is, if not absurdly, at any rate comparatively, easy to find, I am convinced, by 99 out of every 100 members of Toc H. If any sacrifice be involved it would be such as: putting aside six cigarettes a week and saving 6d. on the packet of twelve, which you had accumulated; three times a week walking the last mile or so usually travelled in bus or tube; three times a week foregoing the delights of an evening paper and waiting for the wireless or the morning paper of the morrow, etc., etc., etc.

But where to put these three pennies so

as to be out of harm's way?

In a Money Box. This is no longer the crude tin contraption of my childhood, but a "Home Safe," which can be bought from any Post Office for a shilling, or borrowed from a Trustee Savings Bank or even from any branch of one of the Big Five, by making a minimum deposit.

Take home the Home Safe in triumph and put it on your dressing table. On Sunday morning—the better the day, the better the deed—after shaving, put in your threepence. On a fixed day in the year towards the end of Toc H's financial year, go to the P.O. or the Bank, take out your savings—there may be an inch or two of red tape here—and hand over Thirteen Shillings (or more) to a grateful Treasurer. Then begin again. There should be a Money Box Monday throughout Toc H.

It is very simple. But we must *all* do it. Money Box Finance must be an Article of Faith with every single member of the Family from Lord Vere de Vere to Bill Smith. Lord Vere de Vere and others will already have sent their cheque or banker's order for considerably more than thirteen shillings. But they, too, should adopt the Money Box for the fun of the thing and to elicit a stray copper or two from some amused friend. Bill Smith will also adopt the Money Box for the fun of the thing and for the supreme satisfaction of knowing that thereby, without any violent sacrifice, he personally is putting Toc H Finance on so sound a footing that it need never again be mentioned in the JOURNAL nor discussed at a gathering.

Verb sap.

HUBERT SAMS.



A BAG OF BOOKS

I.L.O.

I.L.O., THE UNREGARDED REVOLUTION, by Kathleen Gibberd. Dent, 2/6.

YES AND ALBERT THOMAS, by E. J. Phelan. The Cresset Press, 10/6.

REPORT OF THE DIRECTOR, 1937. I.L.O., Geneva, 2/- paper, 2/6 stiff cover.

There is still a fairly widespread belief that the League of Nations has "failed" because it has not been able to prevent the rape of Abyssinia or the suicide of Spain. True, many people know that it has done good work in "other ways," and that it has resisted and largely overcome the opium and white-slave traffic. But comparatively few know of the immense power house for social justice at Geneva called the International Labour Office, or of its solid achievements in overcoming the evils, not of drugs and prostitution from which the mind at once recoils in disgust, but of long working hours and bad working conditions which many minds are only too ready to tolerate. This great experiment in international administration (though in truth it is an experiment no longer, but an abiding reality) deserves more attention than it usually gets.

In March this year an extremely valuable little book was published called *I.L.O.: The Unregarded Revolution*. Most books on a subject like this are apt to be rather terrifying to the general reader who is not exhilarated by Index Numbers of Money Wage Rates, or graphs that look like spiders or mountain ranges, or pages of important but undeniably dull statistics. *The Unregarded Revolution* is particularly valuable because it is not a bit like this. It is cheap, it is brief, it is easy to look at; it even has amusing little sketches above the chapter headings; and it is absorbingly interesting.

It is in three parts. The first part is lively narrative, and tells the story of the growth of the I.L.O. from its rather obscure origin in Part XIII of the Peace Treaty, through its adventurous nomadic days in London, Paris, Washington and Genoa, to its final position of well deserved respect at Geneva. The second part consists of four brief chapters which describe what the writer thinks are the

I.L.O.'s outstanding practical achievements. One chapter describes the maritime work of the organisation, and tells of social injustices suffered by the merchant seamen of the world until the ratification by most governments of I.L.O. "Conventions" to improve their lot; there were the long unregulated hours; insecurity in case of shipwreck or unemployment in a distant port; and the general undesirability of, and lack of ordinarily decent amenities in the shipping quarters of nearly every big seaport city in the world. All these evils the I.L.O. has tackled. Another chapter deals with the work of the Office in regulating the employment of native labour; slavery is largely a thing of the past, but the methods of employment, and more especially of the recruitment, of native labour in British as well as in foreign territories, leaves much to be desired. The other chapters deal with the "youngest workers," and the "workers who are not at work"; in our own country the lot of these two classes of people is better than in some, worse than in others. It is the task of the I.L.O. to try to bring the worst up to the level of the best, while still not remaining content with the best as it is.

The third part consists simply of the Constitution of the I.L.O., which is not at all dull reading, and which struck one reader as being commendably simpler than the Constitution of a Toc H Area Executive! There is also a full list of the 58 "Conventions" which the I.L.O. has authorised since its beginning in 1919. A "Convention" is in effect a statement of what the I.L.O. believes to be a just state of affairs in any particular labour problem, and a recommendation to all governments to put it into operation in their own country. A gratifying number of these Conventions have been ratified by the governments of all countries of the world.

As an instance, some 13 Conventions have dealt with the wide subject of Social Insurance, which has received universal ratification in principle, and which is rapidly being introduced in all industrial countries. More recent Conventions have dealt with holidays with pay and with the 40-hour working week, and have been ratified by some countries but not by others. International social justice cannot be achieved until working conditions are comparable in all countries; the I.L.O. is in the van of enlightened progress, and gradually even the more backward and the most conservative countries are following in its wake.

A rather long quotation summarises the whole purpose and spirit of this little book:—

Our industrial civilisation has been materially beneficial but socially unjust. It has given us trains, motors, aeroplanes, electrical appliances, cheap furniture, cheap entertainments, cheap books, cheap everything. But in its headlong career of material achievement children have been crippled, women overstrained, men injured, primitive communities upset, seamen lost or drowned. And it has built its fairyland of cheap miracles by enlisting a vast army of small wage-earners whose work is monotonous, whose opportunities for spiritual development are slight, and whose assurance of livelihood is a frail thread binding them to vast movements of trade and currency beyond their control or comprehension.

Against these injustices there has for some time been a good deal of effective protest. A growing humanitarian conscience has protested through parliaments and the press, and the wage-earners themselves have banded together and protested through trade unions and in strikes. The result has been that in the more developed countries law and custom have abolished the more pronounced injustices—the employment of young children, over-long hours, dangerous and insanitary conditions, and relieved unemployment. More just conditions usually pay in the long run, but at their first introduction bring unfair disadvantage in a world of fierce competition. The progressive countries have therefore sometimes found that their higher standards have been a handicap. And although the best of them still have a long way to go they hesitate to go farther. Here is a new injustice—that progress should be penalised and threatened.

The only solution is a forward march on an international scale. This forward march has begun. It has been stepping out unobserved during a time when, on the political front, international co-operation has seemed to fail, at a time when every country has been barricading itself against the foreigner.

This remarkable yet largely unobserved

advance in the direction of social justice has been the work of an organisation founded by the Peace Conference and commonly referred to by its initial letters. How an organisation with such far-reaching possibilities came to be authorised by cautious statesmen, how it began its work in mists of uncertainty, how enthusiasm carried it forward to unexpected success, how it attracted a remarkable band of workers; what it has actually done, is doing, and may do—these are the things which this book sets out briefly to tell.

* * *

The biography of Albert Thomas, the first Director of the I.L.O., is a book which covers the growth of the Organisation in more detail. It is called *Yes and Albert Thomas*, a curious title with a rather recondite explanation, and it tells the story of the later years of a remarkable Frenchman (one should therefore refrain from calling him Albert Thomas!) who, for a man who was undoubtedly one of the outstanding figures of his generation, is singularly little known. His is the credit for the refusal to bring into being a mere bureau for the collection and distribution of information; his the honour of having created a living thing. He was one of those scarcely credible people who are able to do the work of ten ordinary men, whose energy is inexhaustible, whose capacity seems endless. The period of the book is from 1919 to his death in 1932, during which time he was travelling, reading, writing, interviewing, organising, speaking, without pause and without stint, building up the Office wherein lay all his hopes for humanity, leading and winning the devotion of the most strangely assorted band of men and women that could be imagined.

The story of his travels alone—though they are only incidental to the main purpose of the book—are sufficient to give enjoyment to many readers. At one time and another he journeyed over most of the earth, for personal contact between the Office in Geneva and workers, employers and governments at the farthest ends of the earth was to him of supreme importance, and is an illustration of how his own conception of the I.L.O. far exceeded that of the Peace Treaty. In this way, within the pages of this book, he visits Russia, China, Japan, America, Canada and

Spain. The book is also interesting for the description it gives of the pioneering difficulties of international organisation, an arresting instance of which was the complete inability of a great administrator who was a Frenchman to understand the elementary filing system of an ordinary English office; and, of course, the equal inability of men trained in the British Civil Service to grasp the French idea of leadership and administration.

* * *

Albert Thomas is dead, and his successor is an Englishman, Mr. Harold Butler. The last of the three publications here commended is his *Annual Report for 1937*. Year by year this Report furnishes the most lucid and the only completely comprehensive (in that it is the only fully international) account of where the world is going, economically and politically. Some of it is technical, and possibly requires the trained mind fully to appreciate it; but most of it is easy going even for the layman in these matters. It left three outstanding impressions on the mind of the present writer.

Firstly, the author's complete impartiality is refreshing. He happens to be an Englishman, but his mind is the mind of a man wholly given to international civil service. A country is of interest to him, for the purposes of this Report, only in so far as it is contributing to the ideals of social justice and social progress. It is difficult for us to avoid judging other countries by the standards of

our own, as though our own standards were the obviously reasonable ones for all mankind. It is good for us to realise that countries in Scandinavia which we do not think of as "great," countries in South America which we normally think of as obscure, and even our own Dominions overseas sometimes hold more interest for the international observer than our own land of England.

Secondly, there is a clear and convincing, and by no means reassuring, forecast of the goal to which armaments are leading the human race.

Thirdly, the fact that 1936 was a momentous year not so much for war in Abyssinia or for the eclipse of reason in international affairs, as for two far-reaching experiments in social reconstruction in France and New Zealand.

It is suggested that members of Toc H should not allow themselves to be ignorant about the I.L.O., whose task, largely self-appointed and far exceeding the original intentions of the authors of Part XIII of the Treaty of Versailles, is nothing less than the regeneration of social conditions throughout the world. These three books, in the order given, give an excellent introduction to it.

The I.L.O. deserves a good deal of attention, though often it is overlooked, whenever the argument turns, as it so often does to-day, on peace and war, armaments and pacifism. For in a more practical way than any other body the I.L.O. is attacking the root causes that make for war. R. E. WRAITH.

The Rest of the Battle

ECONOMIC BROTHERHOOD, by Toyohiko Kagawa. S.C.M., 5/-.

Meredith Morris, a scholarly and saintly Glamorgan vicar once gave me a book, saying as he handed it to me: "James, in the world of books there are few voices, but thousands of echoes." To silence the echoes and to hear the voices has ever since been something in my life.

The other day another book was placed in my hands. It is not an echo, it is a voice. I am not going to boost it, much less review it. I refrain from the former folly because I understand that what appeals to one man

is not attractive to another. I avoid the latter, in case it should provide a substitute for the actual book. John Ruskin declares that when you get a good book you must work at it like a miner. "You cannot expect to get at a good author's meaning without care and patient toil." If I can show many the mine, mayhap a few will do a bit of digging, washing, and refining for themselves.

When in the first days men met Jesus, they did not company long with Him without beginning to see that He was much more

than a merely remarkable man. Whenever a man meets Jesus something of that kind is bound to happen. Like His own grain of mustard seed, He grows and grows and the first simple contact becomes a wider, deeper and more complex relation. The Christian Faith can be simple in that it is innocent and unsullied but not simple in that it is an undeveloped, an ungrowing life. Innocence and Ignorance are not synonymous. Our book is *Economic Brotherhood* by Kagawa. What the British Isles and people are and have been to the Atlantic, Kagawa suggests the Islands of Japan and its people are and will be to the Pacific. If official religion is at a discount in Britain it is non-existent in Japan. The relation of Christianity to Japan, its ancient Nestorian Christianity, to say nothing of Jesuit missionaries and the banning of missionaries from Japan, is as entrancing and enlightening as any recording of Caerleon, Lindisfarne, St. Augustine and St. Patrick on these Islands of ours.

Kagawa, the son of a secretary of the Privy Council of the Emperor, found as a child that living in a big house without love was a kind of hell. At a convent school he was lonely and afraid. An American missionary taught him English with the Sermon on the Mount as the text book. The beauty of the lilies together with a growing sense of the Power that makes plants beautiful, led him to find, to know, and to love Jesus. Christianity in Japan was and is considered a "Traitor's Religion," only brave and far-seeing young people dared to ally themselves with it. Kagawa says, "To-day I am almost the only one of these young Radicals who has remained a Christian."

He advances a number of reasons for this, the chief being that the deeds of Christians did not square with their creed, and also to the fact that to the observant oriental, Christianity is altogether religious and has no relation to economic life. This, he maintains, is wrong. "To argue that the nervous system has no relation to the digestive system would be a similar error."

Kagawa by a period of slum-preaching became convinced that "you cannot under-

stand the meaning of the Lord's Prayer if you have plenty of food." Like St. Francis, he then took to the sick and diseased and the outcast and for a while lived on rice (when obtainable) under incredible conditions and in the close company of sex-diseased, mind-troubled men, prisoners and thieves. All the while the economic condition of his country was his concern, and its almost utter lack of religion his chief anxiety.

He became convinced that it was necessary to have three kinds of Christian missions: free clinics, education and gospel preaching. Then to America to study at Princeton and a consequent, or at least a subsequent, change of tactics. Back in Japan, reasoning that there must be a change in economic systems, he began to organise labour unions.

Looking into the weak Christian position and witness in Europe, he propounds a series of life values which must be not merely recognised but realised if the Kingdom of God is ever to come. He found, or thinks he has found, a means, or something that can be the means, of Christian fellowship, or as he phrased it, "Economic Brotherhood in the idea and upbringing of co-operation and the co-operative societies."

He therefore proceeded to build up such societies among the poorer Japanese farmers who comprise the major part of the nation. Scorning Karl Marx and his theory of Economic Determination, and giving short shrift to the possibilities of human betterment by means of violent revolution, and using Russia as illustrating his contention he enunciates seven reasons for the futility of this method. Brotherhood through the ages and in various manifestations is examined, its weakness exposed, and its possibilities in terms of economics outlined.

Convinced that Credal Christianity will not save the world but that the Actual Practical Religion of Jesus will, he sets out the question and faces the quest of how best can we have true brotherhood; for unless we have this we shall not see an ideal economic society. He finds the material or means in co-operation; which he maintains is an improvement on the Guild of the Middle Ages.

A brief and good statement of various co-operative movements is presented and an analysis purports to reveal that seven types of co-operative societies are needed, ranging from the Rochdale Pioneers to the movement of Frederick von Raiffeisen in Germany which later is singled out as a Christianised movement. A change is essential. To-day we have capitalism which is dying of itself, exhausted by its own momentum and becoming increasingly unable to provide for the fundamental needs of the huge proportion of humankind. The Marxian " law " of Concentration of Capital is being enacted before our eyes and a new system must and will emerge from its long prolonged death throes just as Marx foretold.

Kagawa stoutly holds that co-operation is a spiritual thing and that it contains the germ of a new and better social order and moreover that it is actually at work in a powerful way in the most capitalistic countries. He ends by asserting that religion as it is will never realise world peace. " Religion should not be limited to our psychological world, but with the daring of Copernicus we say that it must include economic society also."

We may not agree with all that is written by this courageous Christian but his work is a voice and some of its truth must needs echo in our minds. Moreover the phrase " Fellow-workers with God," can with fidelity be read as " God's Co-operants."

To H is not a philosophy to be held academically; it is a life to be lived, and lived with others. The Kingdom is not yet built, it may not be in its final form clearly seen, but it must be something other than what now exists in the relations of men.

We do not see it where it is
At the beginning of the race;
As we proceed it shifts its place,
And where we looked for crowns to fall,
We find the tug's to come—that's all.

Someone may ask what I can read about co-operation. May the writer anticipate such a query and remark that of older books, *The Story of C.W.S.*, by Percy Redfern, and *The History of Co-operation*, by George J. Holyoake, are good.

A triumphant book by S. R. Elliott entitled, *England; Cradle of Co-operation*, has just been published by Faber & Faber, 8/6. We cannot know Kagawa by knowing only Kagawa. Recognising this, he has included a good book list at the end of his own.

It has been written that :

" To conquer hate would be to end the strife of all ages. But for men to know one another is not difficult and it is half the battle."

It may well be that :

To conquer fear is equally important that men may live in peace. But for men to live together is not as easy but it is the rest of the battle.

JIM BURFORD.

Behind the Village Pump

A HISTORY OF BOZEAT VILLAGE, by Rev. J. A. Marlow. 2/9d.

A History of Bozeat Village is the title of the researches of Padre Marlow, the Vicar of Bozeat, into the past of his parish. A great deal of painstaking labour has gone to the compilation of this little book, and the result is a volume filled with small details which throw light upon the background of English country life. This history is more comprehensive than most of its kind and is well worth the attention of those who are interested—as all should surely be—in the places where they and perhaps their ancestors lived. From the point of view of criticism, the facts are rather too much retailed in a chronological order; a more careful selection and group-

ing would have brought out into further relief the human background which lies behind those facts. The book is, however, extremely readable and valuable. Much of real value to historical knowledge has yet to be brought to light in a very large number of other villages and small towns, and it is to historians like Padre Marlow that Clio the Muse gives thanks. For 3/-, including postage, the story of Bozeat in Northamptonshire can be and should be in the hands of others to encourage them to follow Padre Marlow's example. Copies can be had from the Reverend J. A. Marlow, Bozeat Vicarage, Wellingborough, Northants.

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

From the Notts.

& Derby Area

IT is some time since Notts. & Derbys. appeared in these pages, but owing to the re-construction of this particular section, we have awaited our turn, and at last appear as from nowhere. The last news of Notts. & Derbys. appeared as a sub-section of the East Midlands Area, but now, as can be seen from the heading, the Division was given the full powers of an Area Executive in September, 1936.

About the same time Padre George Blake was transferred from Derby, where he had been stationed for just about two years as Divisional Padre, to Mark XIV, Salford, for work in the Manchester Area. He is greatly missed throughout the two counties for his quiet working and good cheer.

Padre Blake's place has been temporarily filled by Reg. Staton, with the title of Area Pilot, which led to many fellows addressing him as "Padre." His work has been varied, from that of a Pilot to an Area, to Warden of the Derby Mark, as well as all the personal contact side for which he is justly famed.

A little earlier than this the Nottingham Branch and Area Office had been moved to new quarters, in which the Area Office goes up into the clouds, or at least nearly so, for 72, St. James's Street is almost on top of one of the highest hills in Nottingham City, and also up a flight of two sets of stairs—yet even this has not deterred the stout hearts of numerous callers who have, through the more inviting office, increased considerably in numbers, and many problems, difficulties and achievements have been discussed. (Reg. and I would like to add at this point that we shall both be very happy to have even an additional number of callers if any who have not yet tried this experiment will do so whenever possible).

In the last report that appeared in these pages mention was made of the formation of two new Districts—these we are glad to report have greatly improved and consolidated; and since then new units have appeared at Beeston, Matlock, Chinley,

Southwell, New Whittington, and also attempts at Newhall, New Mills, and a restart after a rest of three years at Mansfield.

It is with regret that we have to mention the loss of three very staunch supporters of the movement in the deaths of Arthur Wormald, of Derby, Padre Vincent, of Hope, and Padre Redman, of Southwell.

A series of quarterly District Guest Nights have been held, at which the following were the chief speakers:—The Area Chairman (Gen. Walthall), Bishop Neville Talbot, Hubert Secretan, Geoff. Johnson, Paul Slesor, Padre Tunstall, Alec Gammon, "Mac," of Sheffield, Angus Johnston, and "Mus," our financial wizard. As this goes to press we are still thinking of all that Hubert Secretan told us at the recent Guest Nights which were held in Derby, Nottingham and Chesterfield, to which prospective Builders were invited, all of whom received a copy of a booklet telling them what Toc H does in Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire, and we hope for some very good financial results.

A joint Training Week-end has been held at Matlock for our Area and the Manchester Executives; those who were present gained considerable help and encouragement.

The Area was allotted a week-end at the Old House, and though the party was small, considerable work was done despite the high temperature that "Old Sol" forced upon us. It was a very successful week-end and all are grateful for the time and trouble the "powers that be" (being the Old House Committee) have put into the arrangements.

During the last five months an experiment has been tried out in order to bring together the General Members residing on the Notts. side of the Area, and so far luncheons have been held with varying success in Nottingham. We would take this opportunity too of informing all General Members whether attached to this Area or not, that such lunches are held on the third Wednesday of each month at Crowshaw's Café, Beastmarket Hill, Nottingham (price 2/-), and will

be greatly welcome, the more especially if they inform the Area Secretary slightly in advance that they intend to be present.

For some time past now the L.W.H. have had a Travelling Secretary stationed within the Area, and despite the Staff changes the liaison work has gone forward with great strides.

In the Autumn of last year the Nottingham and Erewash Districts again rallied round and ran the Rest Tent for Showmen at the Nottingham Goose Fair, which after three years of experience has become rather a super type of tent, complete with counters, tables and efficient equipment—here, however, one feels inclined to add a note of warning, inasmuch that even if this job is to continue for some years yet, there is surely a danger to be carefully watched for, namely that of becoming stereotyped and so losing the sense of adventure that was so obvious to all during the first year or two. However, we would recommend this job to other Units that are within easy reach of big fairs, for the showmen certainly appreciate all that is done for them; the only thing that is required is sufficient time to plan the job before actually taking it on.

Other jobs are progressing favourably, although a survey of the Area shows a tendency for tackling the "blind alley" type rather more than is healthy, and we hope that Jobmasters will give this point their serious consideration. Staunch work is being done by the recently formed Borstal Voluntary Committees in Nottingham and Derby, and close liaison is being kept between the Staff and the Borstal Institutions within the Area.

Whilst on the topic of Service, it is with great regret that we note the varied attitude of units towards Boys' Club work. Certainly such a job demands great patience and sacrifice of time, to say nothing of the terrific importance of Training under experts for this most important phase of work with the younger generation, the results of which no man can foresee. Surely this also is a job which Jobmasters should very carefully consider, study, and we would suggest pray for guidance about.

The Mark in Derby is showing a very great improvement; although the house is not full there is a very good team, the majority of hostellers being members or probationers. It is becoming more of a centre of activities, and our visitors include several from other Marks, and we are pleased to place on record that we have had a number of foreign students of the L.M.S. Railway staying within our portals. Although the garden needs much more care visitors will now be able to see the house, as both lawns have had considerable attention during the last few months.

As a tailpiece may we tell of yet another definition of "What is Toc H?" When endeavouring to find a crowd of fellows who were just trying out the idea of "Groping," the Area Staff and some District Officers, not being able to discover the lair, knocked upon a certain door which was opened by an elderly lady who, upon being asked if she could tell us where this meeting of Toc H might be, replied: "I've never heard it called what you call it, sir, but has it anything to do with coupons?"

From the South

In a recent issue of the JOURNAL there appeared an article entitled "The Importance of being Sea-Minded." Beneath the heading was a short note which caused much eyebrow elevation and many quiet smiles in these parts, for it read: "Taken from the *Light Knight*, a Cornish Toc H bulletin." It is not often that we get a chance to tilt at

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the impeccable Editorial Staff of the JOURNAL, and full advantage has already been taken of this opportunity, for the fact is that the *Light Knight*, as its cover proudly states, "heralds Toc H in the South-West." This Area includes Cornwall to be sure (that foreign land is very much alive to Toc H!) but it also covers the whole of Devon as well as

large chunks of Somerset and Dorset, and the *Light Knight* is the joint responsibility of the lot of us.

Having magnanimously pardoned the JOURNAL Staff for their error, we now proceed to thank them for presenting us with a grand opportunity to discourse awhile on Area Magazines in general, and the *Light Knight* in particular. These local publications in Toc H seem to have a habit of starting well, and leading a brief and somewhat hectic existence, before passing out prematurely, leaving a legacy of an unpleasant pile of unpaid bills. Headquarters, having had to clear up the mess behind more than one of them in the past, naturally views newcomers with a fair amount of suspicion, and is chary of encouragement. It is quite clear that the first requirement of a local magazine is that it should pay for itself, and if it is to have any permanent life it must be produced on that basis from the start. Can this be done? Experience seems to say "No." Yet we have in this Area a Branch which has produced a monthly magazine of quite considerable size off its own bat for five years, and has made it pay. Surely if that can be done in a Branch, it should be possible on a large scale in a District or an Area.

One hears little moans occasionally about the rapid growth of Toc H literature, which is said to multiply so rapidly that the ordinary member cannot keep pace with it. Whether that is true or not, there can be little doubt of the value of a local magazine in such a large and scattered Area such as this. In a very real way it keeps isolated units in touch with the rest of the family; it hands on many useful ideas for programmes, jobs, and unit management; it enables experiences to be pooled; and members look to it for information, instruction, guidance, and inspiration. It helps to link many scattered units into a whole body. It is no pale imitation of the JOURNAL; its purpose is a more particular one in directing and reflecting the work of an Area. It can afford, and needs, to be more

concerned with the practical details of running Toc H in the Area, District, and unit, as well as the working out of its principles in individual lives.

All this, and more, the *Light Knight* has proved to be and to do in this Area during its three years of life. It started its career in cyclostyled form, but latterly it has been promoted to print, since the task of turning the duplicator handle 30,000 times a quarter proved too overwhelming. It is now produced for us at the Blackborough Home for Young Wayfarers. But we are sorry to have to say that in spite of every economy in production it has shown a steady loss from the start of about £1 on each issue. At present we are charging threepence a copy, and the circulation is about 800. That means that if we could get hold of another hundred subscribers, the magazine would be established. So near, and yet so far! Optimistically hoping to see it back one day, members of the Area Executive have advanced the money to clear off the debts, and the *Light Knight* has been put on a business footing, with a banking account of its own. The members of the Executive felt justified in backing the thing in this way because Units in the Area, recently circularised, unanimously demanded that the *Light Knight* should be continued, and not allowed to die. But, sooner or later, unless we can make it pay its way . . . !

Once again we have squandered our space without giving our reader (we know we have one!) any satisfactory or detailed account of the goings on in the Area in these last few months. Truth to tell, we have mislaid that magic carpet on which we were wont to flit from unit to unit once yearly for the benefit of the JOURNAL. Perhaps it will come to light before the next report is due: if so we will try to show you some of the black and amber spots on our 5,000 square miles. In the meantime, accept our brotherly greetings, and our assurance that all is tolerably well here, and that we are trying to do Toc H credit.

F. G. G.

A Correction

Last month we published a letter from R. C. Pontifex, Hon. Secretary of Paris Branch, offering help to members visiting the Paris Exhibition. His present address is Grand Hotel de Versailles, 60, Boulevard de Montparnasse, Paris, 5, and not as stated last month.